

THE ILLUSTRATED

# SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS



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TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1879.

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SUPPLEMENT.]

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THE ILLUSTRATED  
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1879.

## CIRCULAR NOTES.

THE Derby next week will be won by five horses—at least I hear of five that cannot lose by any possibility; and though it is a little hard to reconcile all the statements on the subject, each of my informants is equally certain. In the first place, Cadogan must win, I am told. Had he been decently ridden he would have won the Two Thousand, and over a greater distance of ground Charibert will not have a chance with him. On the other hand, I hear that Charibert could have won much further had it been necessary, and that all the stories about his being "thick-winded," &c., are utter nonsense. Charibert is, according to his friends, a certainty. So is Rayon d'Or. The colt has been spoken of as overgrown, weak-framed, loose-jointed, and other opprobrious epithets have been applied to him. We shall see what his joints are like on Wednesday, his enthusiastic supporters declare, and not only will he win, but he could canter in with 7lb. more in the saddle. Such arguments are laughed to scorn by the friends of Victor Chief. There is but one real Derby horse in the race, and he is a wonder. What might happen if Victor Chief were not to run, no one can say; but while he is fit and well, to look anywhere else for the winner would be absurd. In opposition to all these, I am told that there is an outsider at a long price that will "make all the favourites lie down," and the friend who tells me about him is very angry because I say that I have heard of this wonderful animal on many previous occasions, but observed that he was generally otherwise engaged at the critical moment. The problem will soon be solved now; but I fear that some of my friends will be disappointed. (Since this was written, poor Rayon d'Or, for one, seems to have gone to the bad.)

I THINK it exceedingly wrong and immoral of Mr. Charles Reade to send about the streets the sandwiches which have disfigured the Strand for several days. These boards contain on them the bold but eminently suggestive word "DRINK." Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his friends will, I am sure, be deeply pained. The public in general were quite ready enough to drink without being encouraged and reminded to do so by Mr. Charles Reade. The invitation, coming from a writer who pretends to be a moralist, is peculiarly shocking.

WE now understand why Parole did not win the Chester Cup. It was Archer's ignorance of riding. Parole, in fact, did not lose the race, "his jockey, Archer, lost it for him by coming too soon and too quick. The quick use of Parole's enormous speed exhausted his wind suddenly, and made him reel and stagger." This is the account of the affair as given in the *New York Sportsman*, and it somewhat differs from "Skylark's" version of the story; but then "Skylark" only described what he saw, and the writer in the *New York Sportsman* had here the advantage, as his theories were not in any way upset by personal observation.

MRS. WELDON appears to have had rather a disagreeable time of it in Paris, whither, I am happy to say, she lately went, but whence, I regret to observe, she has since returned. The police were not kind to her. She wanted to give a lecture, but the police, having an impression that her discourse would not be particularly edifying, interfered, and prevented her from carrying out her unpleasant intention. "She, however, managed to circumvent them and," dreadful to relate, "spoke for over two hours." She omits to say in what condition she left her unfortunate hearers. My sympathies are all with the police and with any portion of the audience that may have happened to survive over two hours of Mrs. Weldon.

I DEEPLY regret a most glaring and disastrous error into which a critic of this paper has been so ignorant and ill-advised as to fall, and I can only humbly beg Mr. Robert Hall, who has been outraged in the matter, to consider mercifully that accidents will happen. The deplorable mistake happened in a criticism of a piece called *Deserted*. The critic (who, it need hardly be added, is clothed in sackcloth of the very coarsest pattern procurable, and lying on the most nubly of ashes, howling in anguish)—the critic, I repeat, had the audacity to say that the last scene of the second act is supposed to take place in a young lady's lodgings at some hour between midnight and 7 a.m. "This," Mr. Hall writes, "is not a correct statement. The scene is really supposed to take place between 6 and 7 a.m." And what does the reader suppose is the miserable excuse the critic has the presumption to put forth? He actually declares that, so far as he knows, between 6 and 7 a.m. usually occurs between midnight and 7 a.m. Such a paltry excuse will not, of course, for a moment serve. Mr. Hall says, "this is not a correct statement," and as Mr. Hall wrote the drama it must follow that he knows. At what precise hour "between 6 and 7 a.m." does occur in Mr. Hall's drama I would not venture to inquire. It will be, perhaps, a little confusing if every dramatist starts by completely upsetting and reorganising the solar system, and perhaps it would have been well if Mr. Hall had published a hint as to the manner in which the planets are supposed to behave in his drama. I need only add that the critic will be executed as soon as this number of the paper is published and we have a little time to look after trifles.

WHEN that keen critic, Mr. George Henry Lewes, was in Paris some few years ago, he was by no means enthusiastic as to all that he saw at the Théâtre Français. There were to be found in perfection, he declared, specimens of both good and bad acting. "Indeed, were it not for a few remarkable exceptions which keep up the traditional

standard of excellence, one would fear that the Théâtre Français was also sinking to the level of general mediocrity, and that there also the art was dying out. Even the traditions of the stage seem no longer indispensable elements. Of old there was, perhaps, a somewhat pedantic fastidiousness in these matters; but the error was once more on the right side. At present the absence of formality is supplied by a familiarity which is not grace." These are Mr. Lewes's words, and must be accepted with respect. Nevertheless, that word "deportment," a quality the loss of which Mr. Lewes deplored, generally conveys the idea of stilt and stiffness to ordinary minds. I think in most plays I would gladly exchange a little of the "grand air" for a little ease. If they would go together they would form perfection; but they so rarely do! The great French company will be here, however, as soon as — has won the Derby, and then we can see for ourselves.

I HEAR a sad story of an old lady who diligently studies all the Nonconformist papers she can find out (drawing the line, however, I should imagine, at that sacred advertising sheet, Dr. Parker's *Fountain*). When she heard of the journal called *Truth* she immediately subscribed, and has conscientiously read it ever since. An inability to find out the precise sect which Mr. Labouchere represented has puzzled her greatly, and she has at length reluctantly given up the paper, being unable to solve so wearing a conundrum.

A PROBLEM which has not so far been solved by philosophers is to find the magnetic attraction which exists between a vacuous mind and a toothpick? The connection is by no means new. More than twenty years ago that keen observer Major Whyte-Melville had noted the peculiarity. One of Tilbury Nogo's most idle acquaintances, Frank Racer by name, is described as he appeared one morning in Nogo's chambers. And what is he doing? "Frank Racer, who does not smoke, is looking out of the window with his hat on, and moistening the toothpick, which he consumes so greedily, with occasional applications to a large liqueur bottle, rapidly waning under his attentions." Frank Racer's son, if he ever had one, is doing precisely the same thing now, and cannot be persuaded to part with the beloved implement, even in the stalls of a theatre.

ANYONE who wants to form a little collection of animals, and who goes for that purpose to Mr. Jamrach's establishment, may make purchases on the following terms:—Lions or tigers, £80 each; pumas, £30; leopards, £20; cheetahs, £40; black panthers, £150; clouded tigers, £300; jaguars, £30 to £50; ocelots, £3 to £10; Viverrine cats, £10; servals, £4; lynx, £5 to £15; hyenas, £12 to £30; Aard wolf, £40 to £100; civet cats, £2 to £10; paradoxines, £2 to £5; ichneumons, £25; wolf, £5 to £10; silver fox, £10; coatemundis, or racoons, £2; Polar bears, £25; brown bears, £10; Syrian or black bears, £12; Japanese or Himalayan bears, £15; sloths, £10; beavers, £40 the pair; porcupines, £6 each; agouti, £2. A rhinoceros costs from £400 to £1,000; the one now in stock is a young one, and worth about £500. Elephants are cheaper in this country than in India, an African elephant being now only worth about £60, and an Indian elephant from £150 to £300. Indian tigers cost about £150, and the South American specimens from £30 to £40; a llama or nyglicherie will fetch £30 to £40, and a zebra is worth from £100 to £150, while kangaroos are sold at from £10 to £60 the pair. Monkeys vary much in price, ranging from the tiny marmoset at £1, to the chimpanzee, or orang-outang at £100. Australian finches, wimbles, Tasmanian devils, &c., range from 8s. to £2 a pair; parrots, paroquets, lorries, &c., range from 8s. to £50 the pair.

THE successes of foreign-bred horses cause those who are interested in sport to consider what animals we have sent abroad, and a review of the German Stud Book shows a number of good horses, the descendants of which are likely to help their owners to no small portion of the prizes we so freely offer. Of Derby winners the Germans have bought Phantom, who won in 1811; Gustavus (1821), Moses (1822), Mundig (1835), Phosphorus (1837), Bloomsbury (1839), and some others have found their way to Germany, including Blue Gown (1868). Our Nell and Poison are among the winners of the Oaks that have been purchased for the same country, and of St. Leger winners The Colonel, Rockingham, and Elis have been taken. Augustus, Riddlesworth, Grey Momus, The Corsair, Fazzolette, FitzRoland, and The Wizard are some of the Two Thousand winners that have bred racehorses for the Germans. Of the dead-heaters for the Derby of 1828, the French took Cadland, and the Germans, as aforesaid, The Colonel.

FROM the assertions of an authority who has studied deeply the peculiarities of food, and those by whom it is consumed, it appears that we ought not to dislike or despise a man because he is greedy. Very likely the person so afflicted cannot help himself, for there are "gourmands by predestination;" and the writer tells us how we may know them. They are generally of middle height, and have round or square faces, sparkling eyes, small foreheads, full lips, and round chins. They can no more change their nature than their features, and so should not be blamed for greediness. With regard to the opposite sex, ladies who are this way inclined are "pretty rather than handsome, usually dimpled, and with an inclination to embonpoint." The writer speaks of ladies as if they were creatures so comparatively unknown that hints as to the best way of feeding them must necessarily prove useful. "All ladies," he says, "will eat sweetbread, and rissoles of either lobsters or chicken. Curry is too hot for them, but they will take oyster pâtés, and ice, especially vanilla." All who have the charge of these beautiful and delicate creatures will now know what to give them.

RAPIER.

THE annual series of matches usually played at the tennis-court at Lord's during the summer months commenced on Tuesday, and will be continued on every Tuesday, at two, until further notice.



FASHION AT THE GROSVENOR.

## VETERINARIAN.

## THE CHOICE OF A VET.

THERE is no profession of which the public at large are more ignorant than the veterinary profession, on account, for one thing, of its juvenility; whilst there are few professions more deserving of public sympathy, and receiving so little. The profession as a chartered and incorporated body only dates back to the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-four. In that year her Majesty granted a charter to a select body of men under the name and title of *The Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons*, whose business premises or place of meeting is 10, Red Lion-square, in London. This body is the *only* Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, but is often confounded with a teaching institution at Camden Town, called the Royal Veterinary College. The mistake ordinary mortals make—and the confusion is very excusable, seeing that both names are essentially alike—is on account of the word *Veterinary* as an adjective in one qualifying the word *College*, whilst the word *Royal* is the adjective in the other qualifying the noun phrase—*College of Veterinary Surgeons*. It is very essential that horse and stock-owners should distinguish between the two, or they may be and often are, deceived. For instance, a youth may pass an examination in reading and writing, conducted by the Royal College of Preceptors, and gain admittance as a student at the Royal Veterinary College at Camden Town, may utterly fail to pass any professional examination, and have to leave the establishment; then he may fairly commence business as Mr. Snooks, of the Royal Veterinary College, for, be it remembered, he has matriculated, and paid at least some of his fees, and been in the college as a student, so that by no great stretch of the imagination he is *of* the college when he leaves it. Many youths have done this and will do it again, and the deception is eked out by this school's certificates of attendance on its classes, which are most imposing documents, signed, sealed, and delivered in terms, engraving, and flourishes of the most impressive dimensions. The best idea of these elaborate productions can be given by comparing them with the yet extant copy of *Magna Charta*, which is a feeble production in comparison. This being so, the stock-owner should be on his guard. There are four Royal Veterinary Colleges in the United Kingdom, namely, one at Camden Town, two in Edinburgh, and one at Glasgow: none in Ireland. These are *teaching* schools only, whilst the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons examines the students from each of these institutions, and grants diplomas to such as they believe to have sufficient book and lecture-room knowledge. To repeat, the stock-owner must distinguish between the diploma of the Royal College and the mere certificates of attendance on lectures at the teaching schools. If he be in a neighbourhood where a vet. is unknown, and suspected of being an impostor, he should write for information to the secretary, Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, 10, Red Lion-square, London, who, by the way, has frequent enquiries of a like nature.

The use of letters after names, nowadays, often means nothing to those having full knowledge of the circumstances of the case in point, which, of course, is but another way of saying that the letters



SIGNOR GAYARRE.

are useless except as a piece of empty brag which, however, is swallowed by many deserving of better fate. When a man is a *bonâ-fide* veterinary surgeon he is entitled to style himself such, either by writing after his name *Member* (or *Fellow*) of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, or—which is most often done for brevity—simply writing after his name *M.R.C.V.S.* or *F.R.C.V.S.*, as the case may be. The undiplomaed who have been at college, but who have failed to qualify, often put the letters *M.R.V.C.* (*Member of the Royal Veterinary College*) after their name. This, like the case we pointed out at first, is deceiving, on account of the great *prima facie* likeness of the two terms. This, of course, the stock-owner must see to.

Indeed, letters after names of persons are very misleading, and should be abolished by law except those indicating university degrees.

Lately a further puzzle has been set for John Bull. A year or two ago a Fellowship Diploma was instituted by the R.C.V.S. The men at the helm, after helping themselves to one all round, distributed them liberally to many of their old companions, and after giving away a sufficient number to make up a required strength at the college of Fellows to carry on the business, decreed that all else wanting them must pass an examination, the candidate to have been five years in practice as a member before being granted a chance of examination. This simple explanation we hope will suffice, and will enable the stock-owner to see that a Fellow, or, as he will see it, a *F.R.C.V.S.*, is only a qualified veterinary surgeon after all, and that he has got his Fellowship either by being an old man, or by passing an examination a second time such as he passed at the end of his student days, which shows, of course, that he has either years and experience or he has taken down his college books once more, and brightened up some at least of his book and lecture-room knowledge.

Unfortunately, the resident in the country has his choice rather warped in this way: he may live far away from a legally qualified vet., or he may live near enough to a young and inexperienced qualified vet., and his requirements may be urgent. Let us tell him, and let him believe us without paying for his information through the nose, that there are qualified veterinary surgeons and qualified veterinary surgeons. We say this under full knowledge of what we are saying. It is no fault or failing of the teaching of the colleges at all, but the fact remains that the Royal Veterinary Colleges or teaching schools *do not make veterinary practitioners*; they turn out legally qualified and *theoretically* educated veterinary surgeons. So that when a well-educated youth hails, it may be, from behind the counter, enters a veterinary college, and spends a couple of years or more in attending dissection and lectures, and getting within four deep of a sick animal now and then whose case a professor is explaining, after two or three years of such training, most excellent in its way, if he gets his diploma, which he generally does, he is a legally qualified veterinary surgeon; but not a veterinary practitioner other than in name. This being so, the stock-owner should make inquiries concerning a young legally qualified veterinary surgeon if he has seen practice besides the college practice, that is by serving an apprenticeship of two or three years, or by blundering away on his own hook for seven or eight years. In either case he may be employed, that is, he may safely be employed the day after he comes from college, diploma in hand, if he has served an apprenticeship before going to college, with a veterinary surgeon. But the first six or seven years of one who has been at college *only*, and unsupervised by a competent veterinarian, for a term afterwards, is one series of disasters; he finds, and so do his employers to their cost, that the square peg he was taught at college to put into the square hole won't fit, and the hole besides being not quite square has other peculiarities, or in other words, he finds he cannot reconcile theory and practice, because he has only seen the theory side of the shield.

The old-fashioned farrier and cow leech is yet extant, and



THE TUG OF WAR.

thrives bloomingly under the shadow of the unpractised, qualified (?) veterinary surgeon—legally qualified only.

We have written these observations in sincerity, and with only one wish, and that is to aid the public in their choice of a vet. We have only to add in conclusion, that a higher, or rather, *more prolonged* theoretical teaching has been instituted within the last few years at the colleges; but under these rules the diplomaed being who has not seen practice will only be more dazed than before: he will find that he has spent more valuable time and money in seeing more of the *one side* of the shield, and the other side he will find still requires time and money to see—under proper supervision two years, not under proper supervision seven. Let the stock-owner, then, beware whom he employs. In large towns he has no difficulty in getting educated veterinary assistance, but in some parts of the country he will find much difficulty, and woe betide the stock-owner who employs the incompetent man, diplomaed or otherwise.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

### MDLLE. MARIE VANZANDT.

The history of Mdlle. Marie Vanzandt, whose portrait graces our front page, is necessarily brief and uneventful. Born at Philadelphia, in the year 1861, she was reared in a musical atmosphere, being constantly in the society of her mother, Mrs. Vanzandt, who has long been popular as a soprano *prima donna*, under the stage name of "Madame Vanzini." Mdlle. Marie Vanzandt received an excellent general education, and when her remarkable musical precocity awakened the belief that she would shine as a lyric artist, her musical studies were directed by the most eminent teachers to be found in her native country. During the last three years she has studied with Signor Lamperti, at Milan, where she recently made her first appearance as Zerlina in *Il Don Giovanni*. Her brilliantly successful *début* in this character at Her Majesty's Opera, and her still more conspicuous success as Amina, in *La Sonnambula*, will be fresh in the recollection of our readers. With her sweet, sympathetic voice, her dramatic instinct, and many personal advantages, she is likely to reach the highest rank on the lyric stage. Our portrait is from a photograph taken by the Stereoscopic Company.

### SIGNOR GAYARRE.

Our readers will welcome our portrait of Signor Gayarré, and we are glad to be able to furnish some particulars of the career of this deservedly popular artist. Signor Gayarré was born near Pampluna, in the Spanish province of Navarre. The Philharmonic Society of Pampluna, finding him endowed with a fine voice and musical talent, raised a subscription, and sent him to study in Italy. His progress was rapid, and at Rome, Padua, and other Italian cities he appeared in first tenor parts with great success. He was next engaged by Signor Lugo for the Imperial Operas at St. Petersburg and Moscow, and made so great a success that he was re-engaged at greatly advanced terms. Subsequently, he was engaged for the Imperial Opera, Vienna, where he sang with Madame Adelina Patti, and was re-engaged for the following season. He next visited America, and sang at Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, &c., and then returned to Milan, where he made a brilliant *début* as Ferrando in *La Favorita*. His fame attracted the attention of the late Mr. Frederick Gye, who lost no time in securing him for the Royal Italian Opera, London, for a term of five years. He has for the last two years been the principal tenor at the Royal Opera, Madrid, at which he is engaged for next season. His popularity in England has continued to increase since his *début* at Covent Garden in 1877, and he has fairly won his way to the highest rank in the operatic profession. Our engraving is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent-street.

### A QUESTION ABOUT THE DERBY.

Here is not only the question but the answer. What could the colt do with this trustworthy old horse whose form was known to an ounce, the calculation being still further checked by a couple of other animals in the stable, started at carefully calculated weights? This was the question to solve which a couple of those most nearly interested in the success of the Derby candidate have ridden out this morning to ascertain. If he is anywhere near the old horse at the finish, he is good enough to back at decent odds: if he should absolutely win it is—or, shall we say, seems to be?—a really "good thing." At the top of the slight ascent the couple have posted themselves; they have watched the four carefully all the way from the start, and their hearts have beaten as the little cavalcade came tearing up the straight. Is the young one holding his own? Yes, easily! There is no doubt about it. The old horse is beaten, and the Derby colt, pulling his jockey out of the saddle, gallops triumphantly past the extemporised winning-post. Unless there is an unknown wonder among the outsiders, this is the horse to back for Wednesday's race, and to any reader who desires to know what the name is we can only say, "Study the Hieroglyphic."

### A DERBY TIPSTER.

How Lord Vivian dreamt a winner, his lordship has lately recorded, and what has been done before can be done again. Determination is a great and invaluable quality, or, as the proverb more succinctly puts it, "where there's a will there's a way." Now, I fully determined to dream the Derby winner; made up my mind that I would be told, and having been to see the *New Babylon*, as incoherent and confusing a play as any sane man who wants to upset his mental balance can desire, I supped accordingly, and proceeded to the land of dreams. Forthwith I was transported to a heath, which I recognised immediately as Epsom. The place was deserted. Before me arose the back of the Grand Stand, and the stars twinkled on the tented field, whereon a few wayfarers slept on the bare earth in secluded corners, or under the waggon and vans that dotted the landscape. Suddenly I looked round, and at my side was a dark-eyed gipsy, with a merry smile on her face. She gazed for a minute into my eyes and then said, in a soft voice, "You want to know the winner of the Derby?" "I do, indeed," I rejoined; "that's what I came here for—at least, I didn't exactly come, or rather I must have come, of course, but how it happened—." She interrupted my hesitating speech: "You need not tell me," she said; "I know all." "All?" I exclaimed; "even the winner of the Derby?" "Even that," she answered. "And could you tell me?" The fact is, I've been backing that misleading brute—" "You need not mention his name," she answered. "I know it, and he will not win. You have willed to know, and I am bound to tell you. The Derby will be won by—."

It was most provoking. Just as she was speaking the name, the whole scene was transformed. We seemed to be carried into the thickest of the throng as it appears on the Downs about 12.30 on a Derby Day. The rattle of a thousand carriages, the trampling and shouts of the mob, the necessity of having to dodge suddenly out of the way of a tax-cart full of sportsmen prematurely drunk, entirely prevented me from hearing what the

gipsy said. Was it *Cadogan*? I fancy it sounded something like that. It was not *Charibert*? *Rayon d'Or*—no, certainly not. *Victor Chief*? *Falmouth*?—*Falmouth*?—no! I don't think it was *Falmouth*. Is there a horse called *Blue Blood* in the race? Yes! But somehow or other I do not think it was *Blue Blood*. *Cadogan*? The word did certainly seem to sound more like this than anything else. I fancy it was *Cadogan*, but cannot be quite sure. If the transformation had not been so suddenly effected, if we had been allowed one single second more of peace and solitude I should have known for certain. The affair was infinitely provoking. To come so near the priceless piece of knowledge and just to miss it by the tick of a watch! Every night since I have, of course, been to see *New Babylon* till reason totters on her throne, and have supped till my digestion is a thing of the past; but though I dream ugly things, I cannot meet that gipsy again in any of the odd places I arrive at. Was it *Cadogan*? Here is a sketch of her as she disappeared. Surely her lips seem to have formed *Cadogan's* name? Shall I risk it? Was it *Caxtonian*, or could it have been—no!—and yet—but no! it certainly sounded like—.

RAPIER.

### A DERBY HIEROGLYPHIC.

It is a little irritating that the marvellously astute gentlemen who know the winner of the Derby to an absolute certainty should have adopted the habit of making hieroglyphics instead of simply saying, through the medium of Roman letters, "*Cadogan* will win," "*Caxtonian* cannot lose," "*Victor Chief* is a certainty," or whatever they may have ascertained the name of the winner is. That the hieroglyphics are invariably accurate is a fact concerning which there can be no sort of doubt; for, after the race, the artist can always make it perfectly plain that—if only you looked at his drawing in the right way—the winner was unmistakably foreshadowed. Here is our attempt to solve the great problem. It speaks for itself. The indication is so absurdly plain that we would not presume for a moment that anyone who looks at it can, by any remote possibility, arrive at an incorrect conclusion. The Derby of 1879 is said to be an open race. We do not think it is, and have not the faintest doubt that the horse here so clearly—too clearly—pointed out will win on Wednesday. The only hint we will give you is that a merely casual view, a glance at the first big letters that catch the eye, may be misleading.

### A SOUTH AFRICAN RACECOURSE.

All is not war in South Africa. Racing holds its own, and attracts attention even so near to the scene of the exciting events now in progress, and a correspondent, Mr. J. S. Morley, has kindly sent us the accompanying sketch of the concluding heat for the Tradesmen's Plate, run for at the "Autumn" meeting of the South African Turf Club on the 21st of April last—an arrangement of dates which at first sight is confusing to the English mind. Shamfight, ridden by a nigger jockey, beat Grey Dawn. The hill, at the foot of which the course extends, is called Signal Hill, or the Lion's Rump. Table Mountain and the Devil's Peak are beyond, and between them lies Cape Town. The darkies of all sorts and conditions take a keen interest in the fun, and are here assembled in large numbers.

### EDINBURGH DOG SHOW.

The seventh annual Edinburgh Dog Show was held in the hall of the Royal Gymnasium. Although called a show of sporting and other dogs, the others had decidedly the advantage in numbers. The show of pointers and setters was very small, pointers particularly so, but contained some very good specimens—some well known, others new aspirants. Our illustrations represent the following winners:—Mr. Charles Burns Drover's St. Bernard, Milicent, 3rd prize. Had there been a bitch class Milicent would undoubtedly have stood first, but even in the dogs and bitches' class we think her better than Mr. Goas' Marco (which gained 2nd prize). Milicent has tremendous bone for a bitch, and is beautifully marked; we should predict her a brilliant career. Mr. Sydney W. Smith's St. Bernard, Barry, easily carried off first prize. There were 43 entries in the sheep-dog class, and the judges, after careful weeding, gave first to Mr. J. W. Wildman's Hero; Mr. David Boyer's Florist Lass, first; Mr. J. C. Carrick's otterhound, Lottery, first. Variety class, over 40lbs.: Mr. J. Fletcher's Italian greyhound, Wee Flower, first; Mr. J. H. Mather's bulldog, Major, first prize; Mr. W. A. Watson's fox terrier, Trimmer, first; Mr. Walter D. Duncan's English setter, Rival, first prize (Mr. Duncan has gradually been improving his breed of English setters, but he will find some difficulty in improving on Rival—at any rate, it well sustains his good name); Mr. John Haddon's Roy; Mr. John Shorthose's pointer, Thunder, first prize, a beautiful animal. The judges were Wm. Lort, Esq., Hugh Dalziel, Esq., and James Locke, Esq. The secretary, Mr. W. M. Lapsley, deserves credit for his management.

### FANCY BAZAAR AT VIENNA.

Our engraving represents a fete which took place lately in the gardens of the palace of Prince Schwarzenberg, where a bazaar was opened in aid of the sufferers by the inundations in Hungary. The Emperor and Empress of Austria, with the Princess Gisele and all the great notabilities, assisted in this charitable demonstration. An air of great picturesqueness was added to the splendour of the scene by the members of the procession at the recent celebration of the Silver Wedding of the Emperor appearing in their characteristic costumes.

### THE NORE YACHT CLUB TWENTY-TON MATCH.

Vanessa and Frederica were the only entries for the prize on Friday, 16th inst. No wonder either. The weather at the ancient borough—the decaying place, as a contemporary had it a year or so back—has so far been cold enough to freeze the heart of the bobstay of any respectable summer-going yacht. The executive of the Nore Yacht Club was wise in its generation when it selected the Clarendon Hotel as its headquarters. May fine weather and moderate breezes be its allowance, and may full entries gladden the heart of its commodore! Although in its second season only, the programme of the club is most plucky, and its list of prizes compares favourably with those of older and more pretentious clubs. One would have thought that there had scarcely been room for another yacht club on the Thames, and that they are already so thick that their burgeses get frapped together like a pound of oakum. However, from what we can gather, the Nore Y.C.—why they have called it "the Nore" is certainly a mystery—is in a prosperous condition, and the same, we are informed, may be said of its sister at Southend. There is, however, this difference between the clubs—no local support is accorded to the Nore Y.C. The ancient borough, penitent for the frivolities of its youth, has now become austere, pious, and puritanical to an inconceivable degree. Tea meetings and teetotal shoutings prevail, and are proud of their strength. Dog shows are vanities, and coursing and horseracing deadly sins. It is level betting that Ned Wright, the converted whatever-it-is, will draw a better house in

Gravesend than would the sight of the best race between the best yachts that ever met on the Thames. Adulation has even lost its sway, for although the local journal about three years ago devoted not less than three columns of its valuable space to the list of names of subscribers to a £500 yacht prize, a second attempt to get up another subscription failed dismally. About that prize ugly yarns had been floated. We had almost forgotten one improvement in Gravesend—the Grove. Eve made bother enough in the groves of Eden, and it might have been thought that a lesson would have been derived from the bitter experience; but when the Corporation of Gravesend sent one Eve into the Grove at Gravesend, armed with saw and hatchet—but, yachtsmen, the next time you call at the Gravesend post-office judge for yourself.

Well, the Vanessa and Frederica were the only entries; both started, and there was a nice breeze from the N. when they got away at 11.30, but as we did not accompany them, we can give but small account of the match. Later in the afternoon the breeze died away, coming round by E. to about S. After sitting down in a flat calm in Gravesend Reach, like a knot on a log, for some time, the Camberwell beauty came in winner, drifting slowly past the huge cabler "Hooper" at something after seven o'clock. The winner looks as well this season as ever, and we hope to see that spinnaker boom down many times before Mr. Borwick lays her up. Frederica appears as sylph-like as before, but seems to us only suited to play Omphale to Vanessa's Hercules. However, they are to meet again, and may it be our portion to be able to give a fuller account of the behaviour of each. The 40-ton match of the Nore Y.C. is fixed for June 14, and should produce a good entry.

TARPAULIN.

### FASHION AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

No wonder that visitors to the Grosvenor Gallery throng round Mr. Whistler's caricature of the poor little mime who dances at the Gaiety Theatre, for into no other exhibition in any other town would such an affair have been admitted. Eccentricity and affectation pay for a certain time; but, as the bankrupt symphony-monger has by this time discovered, there is a limit beyond which the public will not be beguiled. The quasi-aesthetic persons who go to the Grosvenor stare at Miss Connie Gilchrist's pasteboard legs and curiously elongated boots, and at the caverns in her face where an artist would have put her eyes; but discussing Miss Gilchrist's ankles, and paying £200 for a Comic Fantasia in Chrome, are two very different things. Mr. Whistler's sad appearance before a Commission in Bankruptcy seems to show that he and his Golden Girls are "played out," to use a colloquialism current in the land of Mr. Whistler's birth, and, as his example might have done serious harm to sound art had he been successful, we cannot affect to be very profoundly grieved. A few half-educated people cried up Mr. Whistler for a time, but did not apparently support him in a manner which enabled him to pay his debts. A Symphony in Whitewash is a pleasing novelty, and strictly Whistlerian.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### BIG JUMPS.

(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)  
SIR,—Noticing some remarks in your paper about big jumps, you may, perhaps, consider the enclosed worthy of notice.

Copy from "Court Journal," 19th Nov., 1870.

#### EXTRAORDINARY LEAP IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

"The Cheshire Hounds met at Marbury, on 5th inst., &c. In the course of the run Sir Claude de Crespigny made a splendid jump with the mare he was riding. He cleared a five feet fence by a tremendous bound, which, when measured, proved to be ten yards and a foot in length; the best leap on record in recent times exceeds this by only a couple of feet."

CERISE.

#### A STRANGE STORY.

SIR,—What will your correspondent "Common Sense," and others, who doubt "Big Jumps," say to the following, which I can substantiate?—that a man took a jump on horseback, whipped his hounds together, and rode back to a cottage, after his neck was broken!—Faithfully yours,

SORROWLYGLAD.

Cuckfield, Sussex, May, 1879.

#### HORSE'S BLINDERS.

SIR,—In your issue of May 17 there is an article against the use of blinkers. I believe that many persons use them because they think that they would serve to protect the eyes of a horse from injury in case of his falling and striking his head against the ground; also, perhaps, in the hottest days of summer, from the glare of the sun. But if they are used, they should be arranged, so as to be rather open—that is, to stand away from the eyes, instead of being so close to them as they sometimes are. They should also be sufficiently high on the cheek-bands. For further particulars, I beg to refer any of your readers who are interested in the question, to my letters which were published in your Journal on the 25th August, 1877, 2nd March, 1878, and on the 16th of the same month.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

X.Y.Z.

MR. AMBROSE AUSTIN, the kindly and energetic manager of St. James's Hall, will give his Annual Grand Concert on Monday evening next, at 8 o'clock. The following celebrated artistes will appear on the occasion. Mdlle. Schou (of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden), Miss Georgina Burns (of the Carl Rosa Opera Company), Madame Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Maybrick, and Signor Graziani (of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden). Violin: Senor Sarasate. Pianoforte: Madame Annette Essipoff. Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, conducted by Mr. Henry Leslie. Conductors: Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Ganz, Mr. Sidney Naylor, and Mr. Kuhe. With such an array of artistic talent and the capital programme arranged, Mr. Austin will, we are sure, have a crowded hall, as the general public, in addition to his host of friends (who consider it a duty to be present each year), will attend in thousands.

THE DERBY AND OAKS.—An indispensable luxury to all travelling by road or rail to these great meetings is a bottle of Rowland's Kalydor, which obviates the serious effects of sun, dust, and heat in the face and skin, and produces a beautiful and delicate complexion, removing all freckles, tan, sunburn, and other cutaneous defects. Gentlemen, after shaving, will find it renders the skin soft, smooth, and pleasant. Sold by Chemists in two sizes.—[ADVT.]

Mrs. — of 105, Eaton-place, Belgravia, S.W., will certainly recommend all her friends to Mr. and Mrs. Hart of 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most liberal purchasers of left-off clothes, &c.—[ADVT.]

Opposite the Victoria District Railway Station is Mr. and Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, the old-established buyers of left-off clothes of all descriptions. P.O.O. remitted for parcels of the above, same day as received. Established 1810.—[ADVT.]

"GOLDEN STAR" BAY LEAF WATER, Triple Distilled. Delightfully fragrant and refreshing. The most delicious of all the Toilet Waters. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers, Depot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[ADVT.]

## THE MEET OF THE F.H.D.C.

Go call a coach, and let a coach be called,  
And let the man who calleth be the caller,  
And in his calling let him nothing call  
But coach, coach, coach. O, for a coach, ye gods!

On Wednesday last the first meet of the season of the members of the celebrated Four-in-Hand Club took place at the Magazine in Hyde Park. After the terrific and long-protracted winter a burst of summer sunshine and balm-breathing air was doubly welcome, and the denizens of the West-end, fully appreciating the change after having had to endure for so long a period the icy fangs and churlish chiding of the wintry winds, turned out in great force to witness the assembly of splendid coaches that were exhibited on this occasion. Approaching the trysting place of this distinguished driving club by way of Kensington Gardens one could but admire the vastly improved condition of the Royal demesne as contrasted with its state a few years back. Now beautifully-kept lawns, well-arranged borders, flourishing shrubs, and lovely flowers make Hyde Park a boon indeed to those pent up in the crowded metropolis, and if not quite realising to the full the words of Leigh Hunt—

With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks  
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks,

yet it is nevertheless a very pleasant place at this period of the year. The emerald green turf, the fresh leaves of the ancient elms, and the flowers of the beautiful rhododendrons make up a cheerful picture seen on a bright and enjoyable day. It never appeared to greater advantage than it did on the day fixed for the parade of the teams, seventeen only of which came upon the scene. What was lacking in quantity, however, was made up by the quality, and the attendance of Royalty added *éclat* to the proceedings of the day, causing it to be one of the best exhibitions of the kind that has ever been witnessed. Whilst the coaches were arriving and being marshalled into line, their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Empress of Germany and the Crown Prince of Denmark, drove up in an open barouche, drawn by two superb bay horses, followed by two carriages and pairs, in which were seated the equerries and ladies and gentlemen in attendance upon the Royal party. The total absence of restraint and the good behaviour of the crowd of observers was a marked feature on this occasion, and doubtless must have greatly impressed the Royal visitors who are accustomed to much pomp and state and military escort in their own countries.

I can never remember seeing the Princess of Wales in such apparent good health and spirits. Soon after the arrival of the Royal party the coaches were started, and the following was the order of procession:—First was Lord Aveland, the vice-president of the Four-in-Hand Club, who in the absence of His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, occupied the post of honour, and led off the string of admirably appointed drags; followed Sir Henry Tufton, whose handsome team and well-appointed turnout was the admiration of all beholders, and must be pronounced the best of those assembled on this occasion. Then followed by General Dickson, after whom Count Münster trotted his splendid team of chestnuts along, handling them in a workmanlike fashion, that indicated him to be an artist of no mean pretensions. Next came Lord Poltimore with a smart-looking lot of nags, a bay and grey wheeler and two dashing brown leaders, succeeded by Mr. H. W. Eaton, tooling four handsome and useful-looking bays; Colonel Stacey Clitheroe, whose turnout was much admired; and then Sir Thomas Peyton, coaching his good-looking, well matched, and useful lot of greys in a form that may be classed as first-rate; Colonel Williams, driving four stylish-looking nags; Captain Percival, working Colonel Ewart's coach; Lord Caslereagh, with a blood-like lot of animals; Captain Needham, tooling the drag of the 1st Life Guards; and then Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson, with his admirable team of well-matched and handsome horses, and his thoroughly well-appointed coach. Captain Bastard, driving Mr. Villiers' coach, and handling four very fresh and somewhat raw, though very neat-looking, bays in an artistic fashion, showing even the casual observer that he was well versed in the art of driving four-in-hand. Next came Lord Londesborough, with a large party on his drag, exhibiting his wonted skill in handling his four clever, useful-looking horses; then Lord Charles Beresford; and last on the list Lord Carington, whose well-known turn-out and clever-stepping blood horses excited the admiration of the assembled observers. As a proof of the popularity of Messrs. Holland amongst coaching men, it will be sufficient to observe that eleven out of the seventeen coaches were of their well-known build. The drive on Wednesday was confined to a parade in the park, which allowed the Royal visitors to have an opportunity of seeing the teams to the greatest advantage. In no other place could such a lot of fine horses be seen as at this fashionable meeting; for instance, the grand chestnut on which Lord Calthorpe was mounted; the beautiful pair of phantom horses driven by Mr. Arthur Byass, and many others of similar high quality. A wonderfully clever stepping pair of ponies, handled extremely well by a lady, who I was told was Mrs. Pugin, attracted much attention as they trotted smartly through the gates leading to the Albert Memorial. Altogether this, the first meet of the season of the F. H. D. C. must be considered an entire success. All London seemed to be alive on this, the first bright summer's day we have experienced—long looked for, it came at last. It was a pleasant sight to see Lord and Lady Wilton driving down Piccadilly again.

Having received an invitation to lunch at the Ranelagh Club and witness the first cricket match of the season at this fashionable riverside resort, I thought it would be a pleasing termination to a delightful day, therefore I bent my steps to the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, in time to mount the admirably appointed coach which plies between the Cellar and the club at Fulham. Punctual to the moment was the well-known coachman who had charge of the "stage," and we were speedily on our way, trotting at a merry pace down Piccadilly, through Brompton, past Hurlingham, along the narrow roads, and round the sharp corners, several of which are a caution to coachmen, entering the grounds of the club through an angularly-placed gateway, which tested the skill of our able driver, who trotted us up to the hall door of the club in rare good style. Here a capital luncheon was provided, everything evincing good taste throughout the handsome establishment, which boasts of a committee of first-class men, which will cause it to be a dangerous competitor for the favour of the fashionable world, standing as it does in close proximity to Hurlingham.

FRED. FEILD WHITEHURST.

THE prices of the leading brands of champagne are so very high that in these days of economy and co-operative ideas a sound wine at a low price is a desideratum which seems to be well met by Messrs. Roper Frères' champagne. Their first quality, extra dry, is certainly good value, as those who may take it to Epsom on Wednesday will probably acknowledge.

## A TRIP TO BOULOGNE.

"HEAVE her short stay speak and send the boat ashore for me at 9 sharp," were my orders to the sailing-master of the Flora, as we lay at anchor off Southsea one July morning in the year of grace 187-. I had arranged a trip across the Channel with three kindred spirits, one of whom, F—, I was just then preparing to meet at the station by the early train; the other two were to come down by the afternoon of the next day to Dover, from which place we proposed to take our departure. On arriving at the station I found the train in but no F—, and on calling at the post-office I was presented with a telegram from him to this effect: "Unavoidably detained, will come down by midday train, Dover, to-morrow." Here was a nice prospect! a "thrash" the whole way by myself and no time to spare. However, it was no good crying over spilled milk, and at 9 a.m. punctually I proceeded to the landing-stage, where I found the boat, with Dick, the steward, sitting in the stern-sheets on a basket of provisions, that seemed large enough to victual one of Her Majesty's gunboats. He informed me that the Captain had gone up town to look after some of his gear, and that the other hand in the boat had gone to fetch him. I knew what that meant, so resigned myself to fate. After waiting a quarter of an hour the "hand" returned—of course without the object of his quest, but with evident signs of the proverbial "alf pot" concealed about his person. After giving the absentee five minutes' grace I determined to start without him, and, much to my beery friend's astonishment, gave the order to shove off. Twenty minutes later we were under weigh, and had almost rounded the bell buoy when my attention was attracted by violent shouts from a shore-boat that was evidently in hot chase of us. Luffing her up with the head sheets a-weather enabled the now penitent and perspiring Captain (for it was he) to come up with us, and meek and lamb-like he came aboard, having with great reluctance paid the boatman half his demand, the controversy being cut short by the yacht's sails filling and her forging ahead. He was evidently much surprised at the audacity of what he considered "a land lubber" in daring to go to sea without his august presence, but it did him a world of good, and he thought it better to keep his own counsel, as he knew he was in the wrong.

The voyage round to Dover was without much incident, save and except the carrying away in the middle of the night of the "head sheets" of Dick's hammock, thereby precipitating the occupant all among the pots and pans, and causing an exceeding amount of consternation and cups and saucers "expended." It was 6 a.m. before we brought up in "the Wick," and right glad was I to turn in and snatch an hour's sleep. I was not allowed any more, as the now too energetic captain insisted on holy-stoning and generally washing and brushing up, just as I was comfortable. After breakfast I went ashore to meet F—, and replenish my diminished china cupboard. Punctual to time F— arrived, and having sorted out his kit from the rest of the luggage we went aboard. It may be as well to mention that F— was not what would be called a first-class sailor, his experience of the sea being principally acquired on board a packet-boat, and once he had been as far as Malta in the P. & O. However, he professed to enjoy yachting immensely, and was very confident of his own powers of withstanding "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to" when the same flesh finds itself on the ocean wave. On arriving alongside I became sensible of two facts: one that the wind had changed and was blowing "dead in," and the other, and perhaps more unpleasant one, that for some unknown reason the whole place smelt most outrageously. Over the first I had no control, but the second I determined Master Dick should answer for; so hailing him, I enquired what in the name of all that's merciful had happened, and from the pantry came the response, "Only some salt codfish I bought for our dinner, sir, and I'm main feared it wern't salted soon enough." A few moments later in he came to the saloon, bearing aloft some of the offending material. This was *too much*, and up the companion I went, followed by F—, who stowed his hat in against the hatchway, and descended with great precision into the arms of Dick below. From my coin of vantage on deck I insisted on the whole of the salt codfish being consigned to a watery grave; and the motion by this time having become perceptible, F— proposed that we should go ashore for a stroll, "Not that the sea has anything to do with my feeling queer, but that awful fish, you know, old man, I could not sit *downstairs* any more!" Seeing the inevitable result of a refusal I acceded to his request, and we went and had a quiet game of billiards (where F— was much more at home) until it was time to meet the rest.

My two expected guests were good sailors C—, the elder, had owned a beautiful 28 tonner for many years, until a wife and family required his more immediate attention, and B—, the other one, was known to his friends as "the skipper," for he had been brought up at sea, and had left his profession for the pleasures of the turf—not that he ever won much, unless it was when he ran one of his renowned stud at Hampton, or some other suburban meeting, but he used to talk a deal about it, and was never so happy as when he managed to fix you into a corner and alternately dilate on the mysteries of "Ruff's Guide" and the intricacies of "the Channel Pilot." At five o'clock they both arrived, and the first words B— spoke on tumbling out of the train was, "C— and I are not going to sail to-night; it's going to blow great guns, and we've made up our minds not to trust our lives across under your guidance." I smiled at the last sentence, as I knew my friend too well to think I should be allowed to put in a word, or give an order, other than the opening of a fresh bottle of whiskey, so long as "the skipper" was anywhere handy. F— thought it a good opening, and began to twit them on their sailing propensities. However, we voted for dinner ashore and see what it was like after; anyhow we must sleep on board and could start in the morning. So accordingly we adjourned to the Castle, ordered dinner, and sent off the traps. By the time we had finished our second bottle of—well, they called it claret, it was pretty evident that B—'s words had come true, and it was blowing great guns with a nasty sea rolling right into the "Wick," rendering it perfectly impossible to lay there. On getting aboard I asked them what they would do? Smooth water under Grisnez, or stay where they were and be knocked about like corks? The question was decided by B—, who had thrown himself down on his trunk declaring his intention of going to sleep, when a heavier roll than usual sent him flying bodily on to the cabin floor. Picking himself up, like the Delphic oracle, he exclaimed, "Confound it all, three reefs down, and, Grisnez—I've broke my back" (it turned out to be only his watch-glass). F—, pale as a sheet, followed suit, and said, "anywhere where it's smooth," while C—, wedging himself in, with a tumbler in one hand and the whiskey bottle in the other, confined himself to the laconic remark—"This is real jam." It was a wet job getting the anchor up, and as we cleared the Admiralty Pier we shipped a green one, which washed all the spare gear on deck adrift, and quite finished F— who lay amongst the débris wet through and as sick as a dog. He had only just been driven out of the cabin by the fumes of C—'s pipe and the

whiskey bottle, and had emerged from the companion hatch just in time to catch the full volume of water as it poured aft, and knocked him head over heels. "The skipper" going to pick him up and console him was unable to get anything from him but "Oh, dear! oh, dear! how long will this last? O-oh dear!" as he succumbed again to the "motion of the ocean." Eventually he retired below, a limp and helpless being, and braving the terrors of the tobacco-smoke, turned into his bunk "all standing"—that is with his boots and all on. About four a.m. we brought up into smooth water and prepared to turn. C— having gone fast asleep in the chair, still clutching the bottle, was promptly bonneted, and thinking that he had been knocked over by the main boom or something, he jumped up, shouting loudly, "Stand from under, confound it, who slacked the topping lift?" This awoke the unhappy F— who finding things generally steadier, feebly asked for a cup of tea, which I managed to get for him, lacing it well with brandy.

At seven a.m. we all tumbled over the side to bathe, and after breakfast, up anchor and into Boulogne harbour, "The skipper," seriously puzzling the *Capitaine du Port* by his attempts at the French language of which he was by no means a master. By the time we were safely moored in the inner basin, F— had quite recovered, and was all activity, pulling and hauling, generally at some "standing part," and getting in everybody's way. To keep him quiet, I told him to ship the ensign staff, and to everyone's intense amusement, he got hold of a spare topsail yard and endeavoured to ship it through one of the hawse pipes aft. He was hardly more successful at whist afterwards, for he commenced by trumping his partner's best, and wound up by revoking twice, on each occasion C— being his associate. After spending three cheery days in Boulogne we had to get back, and heaving out of the basin and down between the piers about 8 p.m., we stood up for Grisnez.

Soon after we started the wind died away, and down came a channel fog as thick as pea-soup; so we decided to bring up and keep the fog-horn going. So thick was it that though we knew we were close under Grisnez we could not see the light. I took the first watch, and had gone below to get a tot of grog about 11.30, when I was startled by the most unearthly row on deck and a shout of "Tumble up, sir! there's a big steamer close aboard us." Rushing on deck, followed by the other three, all in the scantiest of attire, I found Jim, one of the hands, standing on the heel of the jib-boom doing his little best on the fog-horn, and nearly cracking his cheeks, while right ahead was flaming out the Cape light. "You thundering ass," said I; "what are you bellowing at?" "There, sir," replied he; "a big steamer, sir, coming into us." "Steamer yourself," growled the irate Captain, who had been roused out of his sweet slumbers, together with all hands; "don't yer know a lighthouse when you see one? You'd better ship as a lamp-trimmer on board a light-ship till you get your eyes into working order, you son of a sea cook, you. Oh, go below and hide yourself, do," as the abashed Jim slunk away. In half an hour more the fog cleared off, and we got under weigh for Dover, where we arrived without further adventure, and after a parting glass B— and F— went ashore, *en route* for London, while C— and I stood on for Ramsgate. Thus ended a most amusing trip, though I doubt if I or anyone else will catch F— trusting himself to the eccentricities of the "sad sea waves" again in a hurry, and it will be some time before he forgets the "doing" he had on his trip to Boulogne.

BAGATELLE.

SOME persons have been annoyed to hear that "Shakespeare's house in Aldersgate-street" is to be demolished. We thought it was well known that no authority existed for associating this house with Shakespeare's name.

A FIRE occurred on Wednesday morning on board the steam yacht Roseberry, the property of Mr. J. W. Pease, M.P., in the inner harbour at Falmouth, where she has lately been fitted-up for the season. The police-boat was cruising about the harbour, and proceeded to ascertain what was the matter, and the police succeeded in putting out the fire, but not until considerable damage was done.

M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY has some idea of giving lectures on the *répertoire* of the Comédie Française in London.

At the Margate Borough Petty Sessions on Wednesday Thos. Linford was charged with cruelly working a horse while in an unfit condition, and his master, Frederick Ginnett, of Ginnett's Circus, was charged with causing it to be so worked. Mr. Ginnett was fined 40s. and costs. The Mayor, however, expressed an opinion that all the other horses belonging to him were in a good condition.

It has been pointed out to us, with reference to the County Court case amicably settled between Mr. Arthur Matthison and Carl Rosa, that each party consented to withdraw, and paying his own costs, at the suggestion of the latter gentleman.

THE Duke of Beaufort and Mr. E. A. Sothern sailed from Liverpool on Tuesday night in the White Star steamer Adriatic for New York. The eminent comedian was accompanied by Sir John Reid, Bart., all three being about to enjoy several months salmon fishing and sport in Canada. A number of friends assembled to see Mr. Sothern off, amongst them being Mr. Toole, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Saker, of the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool.

TROTTING AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The second spring meeting, promoted by the Alexandra Palace Trotting Club, was concluded on Tuesday. The weather was not nearly so favourable as on the opening day, several slight showers falling during the racing, and scarcely half the number of spectators were present. The racing, however, showed a considerable improvement, but this was only to be expected, as finals only were decided.

ACCORDING to the *Annales du Théâtre et de la Musique*, an exceedingly useful and well-edited publication, by Messieurs Noel and Steuillig, we find that during his last season of Italian opera, M. Escudier paid 236,000f. to his four principal singers. Mdlle. Albani, who was paid 3,500f. a performance, received 110,000f.; Mdlle. Sanz, at the rate of 8,600f. a month, received 46,000f.; Mme. Durand, at 10,000f. a month, received 30,000f.; and M. Pandolfini, at the rate of 8,000f. a month, 50,000f.—total, 236,000f.

On Friday last week Wombwell's menagerie visited Tenbury. Amongst the animals is a very fine female elephant, "Lizzie." This animal was attacked with a violent fit of colic. The poor beast suffered intensely. A local chemist, whose success as an animal doctor is well known, was called into the menagerie when the life of the animal was all but despaired of. By his vigorous efforts and skilful treatment the life of the valuable beast was saved. The elephant, "Lizzie," did not forget her doctor, for on the procession coming down Seme-street on Friday she immediately recognised the chemist at the door of his shop, and, going to him, gracefully placed her trunk in his hand. The chemist visited the exhibition at night, and met with an unexpected reception from his former patient. Gently seizing the "doctor" with her trunk, the elephant encircled him with it, to the terror of the audience, who expected to see him crushed to death. It was some time before the animal could be induced to leave the doctor.

## MAGAZINES AND SERIALS FOR MAY.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

The Victoria Magazine has, for frontispiece, a somewhat patchy-looking photograph, by Mayall, of Mr. Thomas Brassey, M.P., which is succeeded by the continuation of the story, "My Only Love," a somewhat prosy paper, lauding Mrs. Crowe's and Mrs. Gaskell's novels as refreshing exceptions in the crowd of popular sensational novels; some interesting sketches of country life in Silesia; sonnets to Samuel Plimsoll, M.P., by E. W. Wilson, in which a gush of high-flown language baffles the wild surges, wages "mind-war" with tempests, "mad-voiced" and "hungry" raving in their "mighty rage" against "the pestilent greed of guilty gain and the immolation to immoral ends," &c. A curious story of a bungalow, built in 1871 by an officer of the 8th Bengal Cavalry, is curious and short enough to be quoted in a condensed form:

"The bungalow was built in 1870, by E—, of the 8th Bengal Cavalry. E— had been looking about for a site for sometime at Nowshera, and pitched upon the spot for the bungalow after considerable deliberation. The foundations were only just commenced when a couple of Mohammadan Faquires came to E— and informed him that the site selected by him was an old Mussulman burial-place, and that the remains of certain holy persons lay immediately beneath.

"E— said that he could not help that, and that his building must proceed.

"The Faquires used further expostulation, and finally they were told to go to the D—.

"Thereupon they cursed E— and his house and everybody who might live in it.

"An Asiatic curse is not pleasant to hear; the utterer of the curse has a firm belief in its power for evil; and who shall say how far that alone may not render a curse a thing to be dreaded!

"Before the house was quite finished, E— was accidentally shot dead by Col. C—G—, brother of H—G—.

"The house was then bought by A—, of the 5th Bengal Cavalry, and two brother officers, W— and P— went to live with him.

"It is a fact that at this time the native officers of their regiment frequently went to the occupants of the barred bungalow, and asked them to remove, saying the Faquires had cursed it, and therefore their lives were in danger; but A— and his friends laughed at these warnings.

"One evening A— was killed suddenly at polo. The ground was crowded at the time (my informant, Captain V—, was there). When A— fell no one thought the fall was a fatal one, but he never spoke after it: he died on the ground.

"In the hot weather of 1872, Captain V— (then quartered at Lucknow) had arranged with W— to go to the hills with him.

"He (V—) was to pick up W— at Nowshera on the way up.

"V— arrived at Nowshera on the appointed day. W— was at the station. There were a couple of cases of cholera (he said), and he thought it was his duty to stay down for the present. There was no fear of an epidemic, but still he thought, as senior officer, he should be on the spot until the cholera had gone. Three days after V— arrived on the hills he received

a telegram—"W— killed out deer-stalking." It was too true. The cholera had nothing to do with it; the poor fellow came to grief over a pastime not considered as specially hazardous.

"No one was inclined to go and live with P—, and my informant says that P— was too proud to leave the bungalow.

"Nothing happened for a year, but Captain V— met P— at the —'s mess frequently. He remembers to have heard men saying to P—, half in jest and half in earnest, 'If you don't leave that bungalow you will come to grief.' P— would say, 'Kismi—Kya kara?'

"One day last year P— went on the Ganges with a man, W—, of the 34th N. I. (I am personally acquainted with him). By some means (W— cannot say how) the boat upset. Both were good swimmers; P— was a better swimmer than W—,

can't be drowned.' And incredible as it may appear, the speaker proved his word by walking into the water, others following him, and they waded right across to the place where the boat went down. W— says the whole thing was to him afterwards like a "demoniacal dream." Every means was resorted to, but failed to recover poor P—'s body. As I have already said, not a shred of his clothing was ever found.

"Now comes the concluding incident of this grim history.

"On the day that P— was drowned the river at Nowshera rose rapidly. And it went down rapidly; but it took with it the cursed bungalow. Captain V— has seen the spot since the bungalow was swept away. A Major and Mrs. S— were in it at the time. They had just time to get out—only just time. They had not been there for more than a week. Mrs. S— wrote to Captain V—'s sister (a married lady then living at Simla). She said:

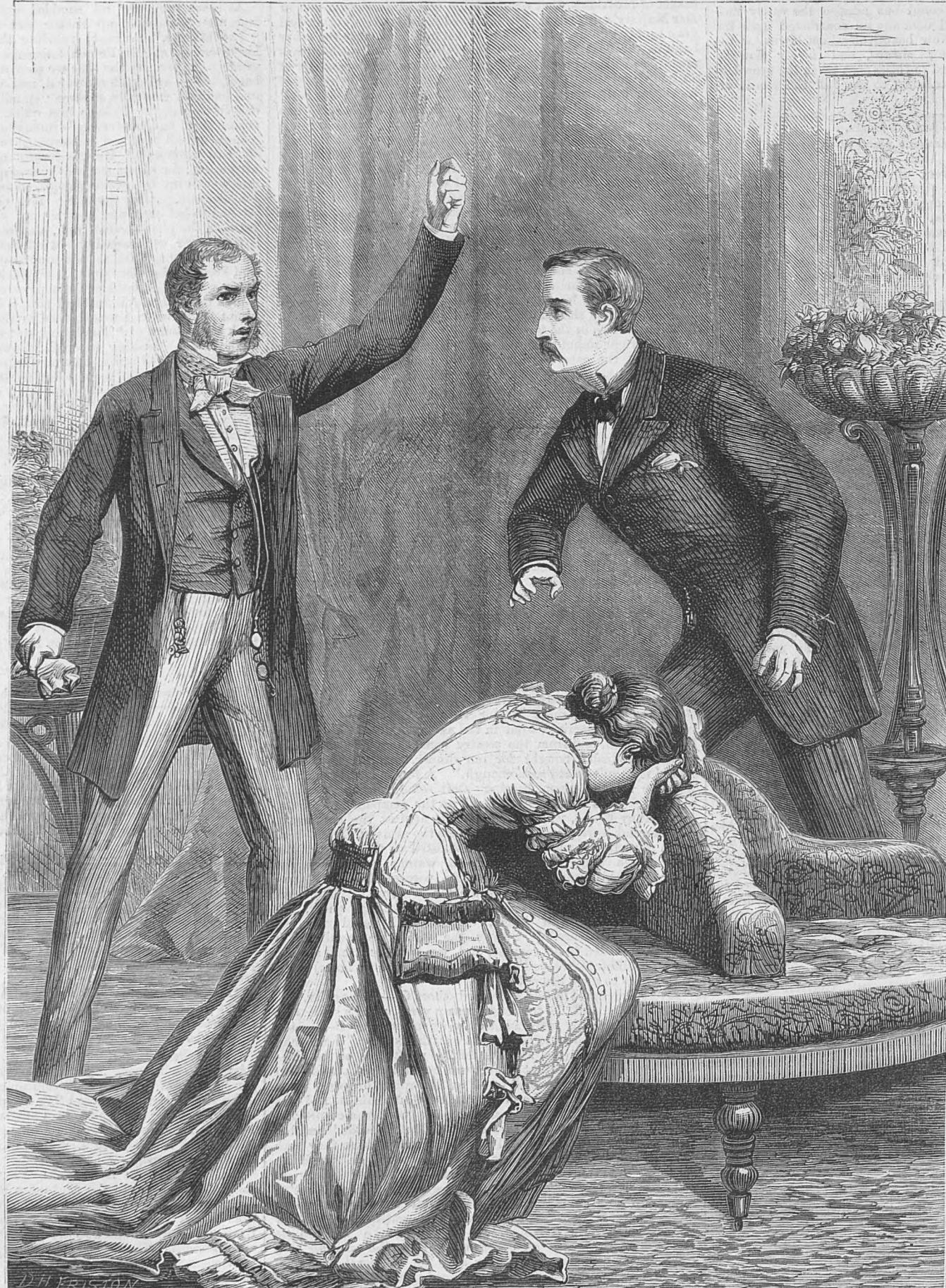
'The most dreadful and unaccountable thing has happened. The water came up suddenly; we had just time to run out, and our house, and everything in it, was swept clean away. All our kit is gone, nothing saved. We are staying now with the B—'s.'

"When Captain V— visited the spot, he says you could not have told a bungalow had even existed upon it. Under a tree a short distance away sat a hoary old Mahomedan Faqir, who gave one look at V—, and then went on telling his beads. I wonder whether he was the man whose curse worked all this destruction?

"This is a true story. It has been much talked of all over India lately, and I hear has even found its way into some of the papers at home, in a garbled form. The above is a correct version. My informant is Captain V—. He was personally intimately acquainted with A—, W—, and P—. He once stayed in the bungalow for a fortnight. I think he is a little nervous on the subject. He told me the story at tiffin just now. It took a quarter of an hour to tell."

The Atlantic Monthly is solid and learned, practical and amusing, after its usual fashion, and with very interesting and readable. From a paper on "The Abolition of Poverty" we make the following interesting extract relating to a visit paid by the writer to some co-operative establishments in England:

"In 1842, twenty-eight weavers formed the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society. Their poverty was such that each could pay but four cents a week into the capital fund. It took them two years to accumulate 140

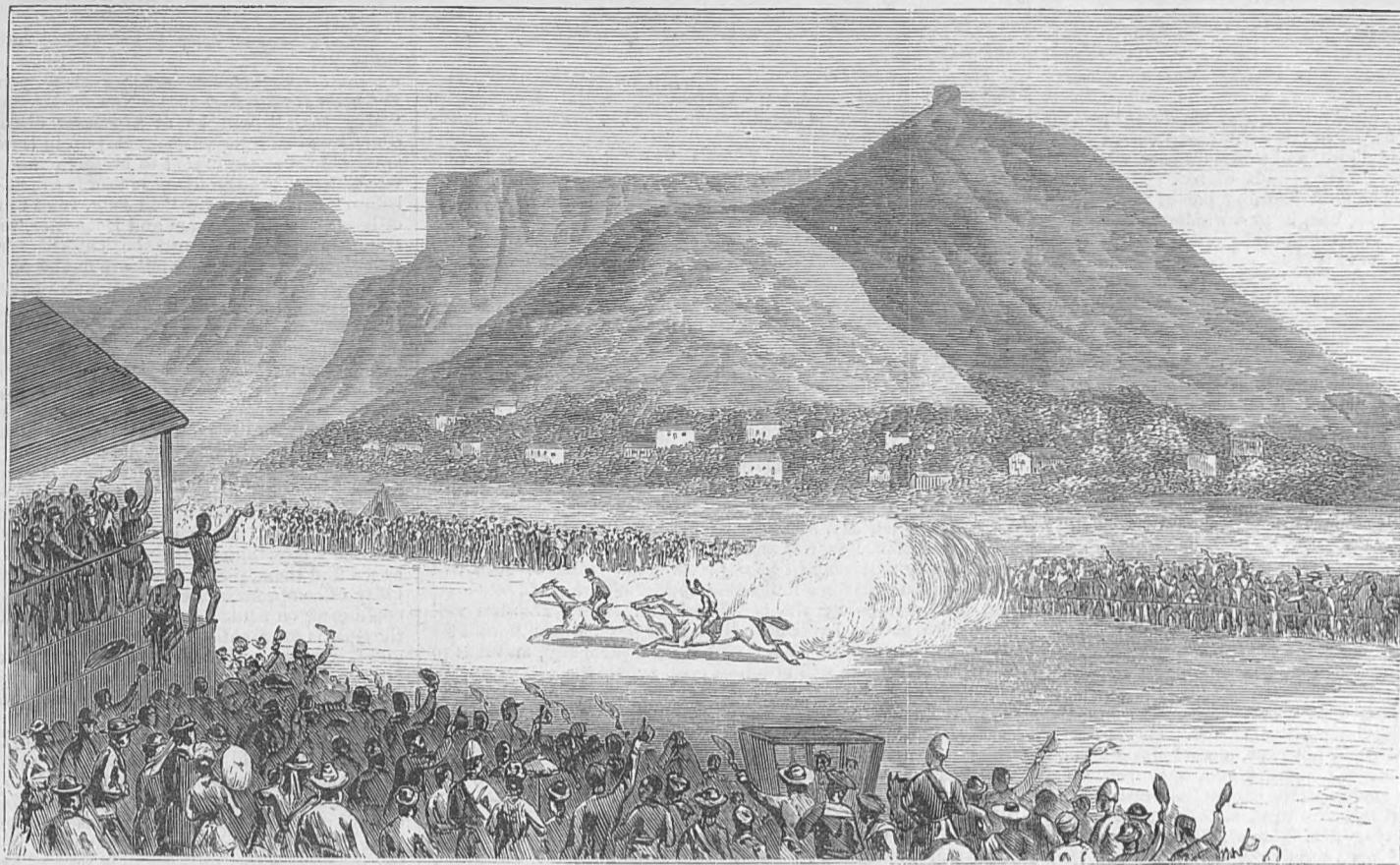


SCENE FROM "CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

Both struck out for the shore, and swam side by side, laughing and talking and rather enjoying than otherwise the coolness of the water. W— made some remark to P—, at whom he looked as he did so, when to his consternation P— suddenly disappeared. He was never seen again. His body was never recovered, no single article of his apparel was ever found. W— swam round and round the place where his friend had last disappeared, until, exhausted, he just managed to get ashore. But perhaps the most extraordinary feature of this part of the story is what is still to follow: P—'s sudden disappearance was witnessed by some natives from the bank. They raised an alarm, and some officers of Artillery, who happened to be in the neighbourhood, came to the spot almost at the moment that the exhausted W— was dragged up the bank. Some one said, 'Why, what on earth are you talking about? The water is quite shallow there. I know the place well; the man

dols. One December evening in 1844, Toad-lane, a narrow, winding street of Rochdale, was crowded with a hooting rabble, drawn together to see the opening of the weavers' shop. When the dingy shutters of the dingy little room were taken down, the mob screamed with laughter at the sight of the almost empty shelves within. As the twenty-eight weavers, the only customers, came out with their scanty purchases, they were met with taunts and jeers. Nobody jeers at the weavers' shop now.

"We spent an afternoon in going through the building. Its top floor is a plainly but comfortably furnished hall, where monthly meetings are held, lectures are delivered, and parties given. Below are the committee-rooms, the reading-room, and the library. This last contains ten thousand volumes. The battered, well-worn, dog-eared books in it are by no means all novels. Many of them, perhaps the majority, are works on the natural sciences, technical trades, travel, or history. The



A RACE COURSE IN SOUTH AFRICA.—(From a sketch by a Correspondent.)

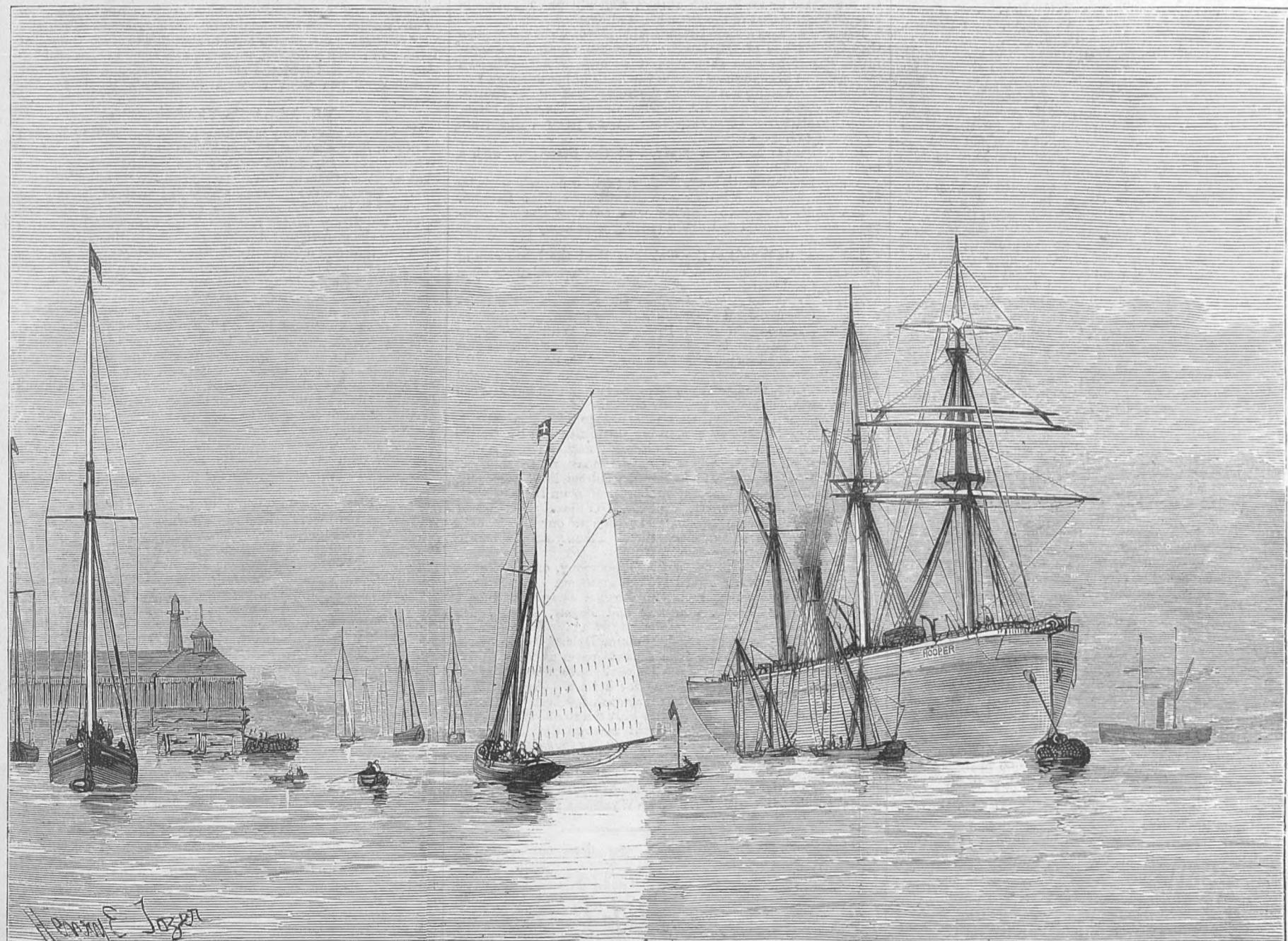
reading-room is large, well-lighted, and comfortable. It contains all the leading periodicals, with a collection of scientific instruments which can be hired for a penny or two a night by members of the society who wish to entertain or instruct themselves or their friends. We were told that it is quite common for an artisan to give a small party at which the main attraction is a display of some simple scientific experiments. On the three lower floors of the building are stores where a man can buy

clothing for his family and himself, boots and shoes, meat, vegetables, and groceries, watches and clocks, books, coal to warm his house, and the house itself—for the society is now building homes for its members.

"And all this is but the central store. There are many branch establishments in other parts of the town, among them thirteen groceries, eleven butcher shops, and eleven reading-rooms. The society also manufactures tobacco on its own ac-

count, has heavy interests in corn, cotton, and woollen mills, and manages a great savings-bank.

"The Equitable Pioneers' Society sells about 1,500,000 dols. worth of goods every year, and declares quarterly dividends, or rebates on purchases, of from 12 to 15 per cent. This is the result of the weavers' shop in dingy, dirty, dark Toad-lane. From the beginning the institution has been managed by men earning daily or weekly wages. They are no better, no wiser,



NORE YACHT CLUB TWENTY-TON MATCH ON THE 16TH INST.—VANESSA WINNING AT GRAVESEND.

no honester than American working men. What is to hinder the latter from following their example—from gaining their success?

"It is now ten years since some clerks in the London post-office found themselves unable to live on their pay. They asked for more, and were refused. The answer came on a foggy November afternoon, a day that was gloomy enough without bad tidings. Three of the men, talking over the dismal present and the dreary future, resolved to try what co-operation could do. They canvassed their fellows, and found a dozen who were willing to buy among them fifty pounds of tea. The money was paid in on the spot. The next morning one of the original three, on his way to the office, bought at a wholesale store half a chest of tea. After office hours the purchase was duly divided. The amount saved was twenty-five cents a pound. The story of this success speedily spread abroad. Within three days the triumvirate had orders for another half chest. Soon they began to buy in somewhat larger quantities. They put the tea in an empty closet in the post-office, and hired the porter to weigh it out to the different purchasers, paying him for his trouble with the pound or so which each chest contained over its nominal weight. Little by little they added a few other staple articles to their stock. The old cupboard, their first store, was now too small. They hired a little room in the topmost story of a neighbouring building for a few dollars a month. This was considered to be a most daring step. But their business speedily outgrew these narrow quarters. They were crowded out of room after room. Five years ago they moved into a building of their own for which they paid 200,000 dols. It is several stories high, with a frontage of perhaps a hundred feet on each of two streets; it is crowded with goods, clerks, and customers. The Civil Service Supply Association, as it is called, sells 5,000,000 dols. worth of goods a year; moreover, it has arrangements with a great number of the best firms in London, by which its members can buy from these firms for cash at from twenty to forty per cent. discount. The business done in this way is estimated at 5,000,000 dols. more. Nine years ago, the Association began by selling half a chest of tea. Its growth is a most joyous fact. It has been, however, a most alarming fact to the retailers of London. Two years ago, they petitioned Parliament to forbid the government employees engaging in such enterprises. The petition was in vain, but the petitioners took their revenge by driving Mr. Thomas Hughes from his place in the Commons. When a number of the underpaid clergy of the Church of England undertook to imitate the civil service clerks, their proposed league was broken up, it is said, by the threat of an organised bolt of small tradesmen into the dissenting sects.

"England and Scotland have now over one thousand co-operative stores, and a number of manufactories owned in part by the operatives in them."

#### LAWN TENNIS COMPETITION.

The new courts at Oxford, situated at Norham Manor, were formally opened on Tuesday by the representatives of the various crack clubs of England, who contended in double-handed games for a silver challenge cup presented by the Oxford University Lawn Tennis Club. Fourteen pairs entered, but several scratched. The brothers Mulholland, of Balliol, beat two other Dark Blues in the persons of V. F. Page, St. Mary Hall, and F. G. Burdon, Oriel, easily, winning four sets off the real. A. W. Tompkins and Shapley, of Leamington, had little difficulty in disposing of G. R. Ashley, of Balliol, and W. E. Dunsford, of New College, Oxford, but the match between the Rev. S. F. Burra, University College, Oxford, Rev. F. C. Dillon, New College, Oxford, and Dr. Forbes Winslow and C. J. Cole, West Middlesex Club, proved most exciting, the marker calling three sets all. The Oxonians were eventually victorious, winning the final set by six games to four. Hinckley scratched to Jesus, Cambridge, and Prince's representatives, the Messrs. Lubbock forfeiting to Oxford University. The latter—viz., K. D. Cotes, All Souls, and J. Combes, Oriel, engaged the Light Blues, by whom they were defeated after an interesting match. Cheam and All England having scratched, a further draw will have to take place. The matches were continued on Wednesday, when the second ties of the double-handed competitions were concluded at the Norham Manor Court, in fairly fine summer weather. Play commenced at three o'clock, when the Rev. T. F. Bursar, ex-president of the Dark Blue Club, and the Rev. F. C. Dillon, of New College—who on the previous day beat Dr. Forbes Winslow and Mr. C. J. Cole, after an exciting and closely contested game—were pitted against the Carlton Club (Pall Mall), the latter being represented by Mr. L. R. Erskine and Mr. H. F. Lawford. The Conservative pair were favourites, and went off with the lead, which they continued to hold throughout the contest, winning the first six games right off. In the second set, the Oxonians were only successful in obtaining two games, but in the third they somewhat improved matter, scoring three games to their opponents' six. The fourth set was also won by Carlton easily, thus putting the Oxonians out of court for the final.

In aid of the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat and Chest, a morning performance will be given at the Gaiety on the 19th of June. Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry will appear in two acts of *Charles I.*, and Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft in a selection from *Ours*.

BATTUES have been organised recently in the forest of Hertogenwald for the destruction of wild boars. On Monday and Tuesday last week four boars and a dozen sows were slain by the hunters, one being of very large size. It is also reported that six boars were killed on the previous Sunday in the woods of Staneux les Spa.

A LITTLE operetta now in rehearsal at the Royalty will introduce to the English public a new composer of very high promise. Signor Ruggiero Labocetta is already well known in Italy, and the remarkably tuneful music of the present little work was very favourably received in Portugal, where it was originally played. The libretto has been freely adapted by Mr. Edward Rose, and the three characters of the piece will be played by Miss Kate Lawley, Mr. Lithgow James, and Mr. Honey.

A CONCERT in aid of the funds of St. Paul's Choir, New Wandsworth, was given on Tuesday, 13th inst., at the Lecture Hall. The programme comprised selections of a high-class character.

LOD HARRIS's eleven recently played a match against an American team at Hoboken, N.J., in which the Englishmen gained an easy victory, scoring 253 in one innings, while their opponents only succeeded in putting together 130 in both innings.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—*Grimstone Grange* is announced to be withdrawn after Monday next, to give place to a new first part, on Tuesday, May 27th, entitled £100 Reward, written by Arthur Law, the music by Corney Grain. Our *Calico Ball*, Mr. Corney Grain's Musical Sketch, will for a short time retain its place in the programme, and the favourite Musical Proverb, *Charity Begins at Home*, will conclude the Entertainment.

#### THE DRAMA.

*Married, not Mated*, is only to be played for a few nights longer at the Olympic.

*The Crisis* was revived at the Haymarket last Saturday with the original cast, and went exceedingly well. Mr. Charles Kelly and Miss Louise Moodie carried off the honours of the representation as before.

*Nilsson or Nothing* now follows *The Crisis*, and it is very amusingly rendered by Mr. Anson and Mrs. John Wood, the latter imitating Patti, Nicolini, &c., much to the amusement of the audience.

*Crutch and Toothpick* has achieved a well deserved success at the Royalty, but Mr. Bruce does not seem to be able to secure the burlesque for which he was siring some time ago.

Messrs. Hamilton have made some important additions to their series of colossal scenes of passing events at the Royal Amphitheatre, Holborn. Thus, for instance, we have some capital views in Afghanistan, some scenes in Zululand, including spirited delineations of the battle of Isandula and the defence of Rorke's Drift.

Mr. Sothern, much to the regret of his friends in this country, sailed for America this week in the Adriatic. The other passengers on board that steamer will have a merry time of it. He goes to fish in Canada—the kind of holiday he most enjoys.

The summer programme at the Prince of Wales's commences May 31st, when Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft will appear in *Sweethearts*, and Mrs. Bancroft and Messrs. Cecil, Clayton, Kemble, and Conway will play in *Good for Nothing*. *Heads or Tails* will also be given—all for a limited number of nights.

A performance for the benefit of Mr. Henry Marston will take place at the Lyceum on Thursday next, when *Much Ado About Nothing* will be played with a good company, and it is to be hoped that there will also be a good audience.

A new drama of powerful interest is to be produced at the Olympic on May 31st.

The inaugural performance of the Comédie Francaise at the Gaiety takes place on June 2. A prologue in verse, Molière to Shakespeare, written by M. Jean Alcard, will be recited by M. Got, and *Le Misanthrope*, the second act of *Phèdre*, and *Les Précieuses Ridicules* will follow.

A piece has been produced at the Carl Theatre, Vienna, called *The Debutante's Husband*. It is intended as a hit at Patti, and the characters are made up like that popular *prima donna*, Nicolini, and the Marquis de Caux. It is very successful, but had to be a good deal cut about by the censor before it could be played.

The Vokes family will shortly appear in Buckstone's musical comedy, *Josephine, the Child of the Regiment*, at the Imperial Theatre.

Mr. Honey has, we regret to learn, been indisposed, and during his absence Eccles has been played by Mr. Henry Kemble, who acquitted himself admirably, and gave a very clever rendering of the character.

Mr. David James takes the chair at the dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, on Thursday, the 6th of June.

Mr. Neville is going to produce a play based on M. Zola's novel, *L'Assommoir*. He has a perfect right to do so, quite as much right in fact as the French authors had to dramatise it, but Mr. Charles Reade will foam at the mouth.

A charming little piece, entitled *L'Etincelle*, by M. Pailleron, has just been brought out at the Théâtre Français. Mdlles. Samary and Croizette are admirable in it. We shall probably see it adapted by an English author, who will put his name to it and suppress that of the Frenchman altogether.

Never was there a more indefatigable patroness of the theatre than the Duchess of Edinburgh; and what would her august father give if he dare show himself as unprotected in his own metropolis as his daughter does in the home of her adoption?

One of the coming novelties at the Surrey will be *The Thames*, a drama which will give Mr. Charles Brooke, the scenic artist, many opportunities of showing his artistic powers, which are by no means inconsiderable.

*Henry Dunbar* has been revived at the Standard, with a capital company.

A very melo-dramatic play, *Mathilde; or, the Forger's Wife*, by Mr. Mead, finds much favour with the audience at the Grecian.

Mr. A. M. Dennison is touring with the *Pink Dominos* Company, and his careful and artistic acting wins many admirers in the country.

The Isandula benefit at the Gaiety realised the large sum of £565, and Mr. Hollingshead deserves our congratulations upon his energy and success.

It is said that *The Heir at Law* is in contemplation at the Haymarket, when Mr. John S. Clarke will play again.

*Drink* will be given at the Princesses on Whit-Monday, as announced, but what is meant by the "surprising effects" that have characterised its production at the Théâtre de l'Amphithéâtre? It so happens there are no such "effects" in the piece as played in Paris. True, the hero falls from a ladder and has *delirium tremens*, but these are not precisely effects.

Mr. Arthur Sketchley, who is about to visit Australia, is going to play Falstaff at a morning performance at the Gaiety to-day. He ought to succeed. Certainly nature has done her best for him, and he will not have to make up for the part, while we all know what an admirable actress Mrs. Brown is. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will play in *Uncle's Will* on the occasion.

*Spun Yarns*, by Mr. G. Augustus O'Shea, will shortly appear. Shakespeare says: "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, of good and ill together." These yarns, it is to be hoped, will be uniformly good.

Mr. Wyndham sends out a *Truth* Company, on Monday, to Edinburgh, with Mr. Howard Paul as manager.

The Whitsuntide novelty at the Grecian Theatre will be a new drama, by Messrs. Conquest and Pettitt, entitled *The Queen's Colours*.

As might have been expected, Madame Dolaro's exertions in presenting every night two such arduous parts as Rose in *The Dragoons* and the heroine of *La Perichole* have told upon her health, and she is obliged to rest for a time. *Trial by Jury*, which had for some time been in rehearsal, has been withdrawn owing to the refusal of Mr. Arthur Sullivan to allow its representation. Mr. Samuel Hayes will manage the house until Madame Dolaro's health is restored, and *The Love Chase* is to be presented on Saturday.

Mr. Herbert Standing is not going to devote himself to opéra bouffe, as was recently reported. He has just signed a three years' engagement with Mr. Charles Wyndham for the Criterion Theatre.

"KEATING'S POWDER" destroys bugs, fleas, moths, beetles, and all other insects, whilst quite harmless to domestic animals. In exterminating beetles the success of this powder is extraordinary. It is perfectly clean in application. See you purchase "KEATING'S," as imitations are noxious and ineffectual. Sold in tins, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each, by all Chemists. [ADVT.]

EAU FIGABO. The last scientific discovery for restoring faded and grey hair to its original colour. Cleansing, Harmless, Colourless. To prove that this is "bona-fide," if a sample of hair be sent before purchase of the preparation, stating original colour, the same will be returned completely restored. Prices 6s. and 6s. per bottle. Full particulars will be sent on application to the French Hygienic Society, 40, Haymarket, S.W. [ADVT.]

#### TURFIANA.

YEAR by year we seem to get earlier into the "thick of the coffee" of yearling sales, and if things go on as they have begun we shall have breeders sending their youngsters up to Park Paddocks for disposal at the Newmarket Spring Meetings, when "May foals" will be at a greater discount than ever. We confess we can perceive no great pull in these early dispersions of young blood stock, except to breeders anxious to save so many weeks' keep, but the struggle now is to get quit of the yearlings before "nomination day" in July, so as to avoid responsibilities of heavy stakes at Epsom and Doncaster, to say nothing of other engagements which must be entered for early in the year. Advocates for "May foals" are doubtless right in theory, and they can point to high authorities on their side in support of it; but as long as buyers are guided by precocity in size and condition in selecting yearlings, so long will breeders aim at getting them produced as early in the season as possible, and trust to artificial means to supply the want of spring sunshine, fresh grass and "balmy zephyrs." A later period than the present for horses to reckon their ages from, would involve a total subversion of existing arrangements in our racing economy, a fact which appears to be lost sight of by advocates for the new order of things. In fine nothing short of a revolution would result from what we must term mere "fancy legislation;" the tendency of the age being in the completely opposite direction of early forcing, and bringing into use as quickly as possible. This may be sailing on the wrong tack, but we must take things as we find them, seeing that there is no middle course nor possibility of compromise between the contending factions. If these could meet on neutral ground, there might still be hope; but the gulf is apparently far too wide a one to be bridged over, and it appears we must still be content to abide by existing laws and ordinances, in preference to taking a leap in the dark, which might lead us on to worse ground than that which we now occupy.

At Newmarket on Thursday Brother to Ersilia won the Evening Two-year-old Plate, and the way the young Rosicrucians are running but be as "balm in Gilead" to Mr. Carew Gibson, who has quite a quiver full of them at Sandgate, and to whom the fall of Beauchere last year was a serious blow. A Welter Handicap fell to Leith, elected favourite in a field of fourteen, but the winner was rather closely pressed by Episcopus, the pair being a long way in front of Dunmow. There was a good race between Moonstone and Anticyra for the Selling Stakes, but Captain Machell pulled through and let rather a promising youngster slip out of his hands for 350 guineas, Mr. Tuckwell being the purchaser. Backers of Mangostan were quite put out of their conceit about him in the Flying Handicap, which fell to Beddington, with the roaring rogue, Athol Lad, second to Mr. Bush's gelding, and Bondsman third, while the field comprised a dreadful lot of shifty ones and uncertain performers. Khabara, now in a winning vein, and vastly improved since her *début* at Lincoln, had no difficulty in shaking off Vol au Vent, Serpolette II., and Tuscarora in the Second Spring Two-year-old Stakes, and the stable must be heartily sick of Tuscarora's rogueries by this time, as he seems to perform more wretchedly each time he is pulled out. A Selling Stakes, D.M., fell to Wellington, the least fancied of the four runners, who finished in exactly reversed order to market "indications;" and then Strathern's Derby chance was finally snuffed out in a Weight-for-age Plate, Cesarewitch Course, won in a canter by Pedagogue, a useful sort of colt by Lecturer, who, like most of the sort, can stay, and it was refreshing to see the Fitzwilliam green in front again. As to Mr. Beddington's handsome little colt, it strikes us as being no very consuming disgrace to have to succumb to King Duncan at 10lbs.; but upon reflection, we suppose, it came to be considered that the race had told the stable the worst, and accordingly Weatherby's pen went through Strathern's name for the Derby.

#### MR. ELLAM'S YEARLINGS.

We fancy a good many intending purchasers will be induced to extend their morning stroll at Epsom in the direction of the Warren, where Mr. Ellam's youngsters will be on view during next week, previous to their dispersion on the "Derby" Saturday. Their breeder has done wisely and well in holding his sale early in the season and at his own paddocks, for, although a long and dreary winter has not been without its effects in checking the growth and development of yearlings, there has been less time and opportunity for the "making up process," so that trainers and others will be able to purchase with their eyes open, and without being called upon to make "guesses at truth" through a coating of fat, which disguises a yearling as much as drink disguises a lord of the creation. Visitors to the Warren should not omit to "ask" for Ethus and Van Amburgh, both likely sires, especially the latter, who has vastly improved since the days when he carried the "lemon and black" of his late eccentric owner, whose "best horse in the world" may be likened to his relative, Cecrops, in many respects, though he is built on a larger scale, with bigger bone, and makes up in massive strength for what he loses in neatness and elegance, when compared with his half-brother. There is more "character," or, if we may so express it, individuality, about Van Amburgh than is the case with Ethus, whose accident, however, must be held accountable for much of the apparent want of balance in his frame, but he is so well bred a horse, and performed so creditably while in training, that we cannot wonder at his owner's fondness for him, especially when it comes to be considered that he has not had much of a chance, while to have begotten Marshall Scott is no small feather in his cap. But we fancy a better than Marshall Scott will be found in his sire's chestnut yearling from Mandane (own sister to Gladiateur), quite a gem of the first water, and needing no extended comment at our hands, though many have been found to possess an equal liking for the bay Tomfoolery colt, also by Ethus, not so forward as the last-named, but, nevertheless, having many good racing points about him. Still sticking to Ethus, we can recommend his chestnut colt out of Gladness, by Carnival, as partaking very much of the last-named sire's character, not very deep nor thick, but fully of use, and standing on capital limbs; and in his Queen of the Forest colt we have a rather backward but useful looking customer, with grey hairs, proclaiming his Venison descent, and we need not dilate upon the value of this excellent blood. Then there are a brace of browns, from Miss Adelaide and Belle of Ewhurst (mother and daughter), a bay filly (first foal) from Princess, a ditto boasting Cybele for her dam, and a quick, wiry-looking young lady, dividing the claim of paternity between Mr. Ellam's favourite and Scottish Chief, but probably the issue of the latter. Though not bearing a great resemblance to his sire, Ethus gets many of his stock with the Blair Athol "mint marks" about them, and we fancy they will be all the better appreciated on this account. The Van Amburghs show altogether more power and substance, notably his filly from Soulagement (a first foal), which is strongly knit, with good back and loins, and large bone, while his colt from Heath of Atholstone, and his filly from Hopeful Duchess do "Van" immense credit, and he comes of a strain of blood well nigh lost to us now, in the male line at least, albeit it produced Tim Whiffler, one of the best stayers of modern times. Of the three Speculum's

commend us to his compact, clever, and precocious daughter of Persuasion, one of the fastest "ponies" of her day, and certain to be heard of early next year, should all go well with her; while we shall unhesitatingly declare our preference for the backward brown colt out of Queen Esther, to the bay colt from Odine, though after the doughty deeds of their sire last year, plenty of bidders for the trio are likely to be found; and it should be borne in mind that many of the young stock of the pride of Moorlands are by no means taking, but ripen into performers of higher excellence than they might be imagined to possess from their rather lathy, wiry, and lanky appearance as yearlings. Bonnie Doon shows a spanking bay filly by Sylla, a trifle overtopped perhaps, but quick as lightning; and another "credit to the establishment" is a bay Saunterer filly out of Blonde, by Dundee, in colour, shape, and style tracing back to the handsome Lord of the Isles rather than to the late lamented little black. Of the same illustrious stock come the colts by Scottish Chief from Maid of Perth, and by King of the Forest out of Tormentor, the former a very forward yearling, of fair size, and certain to come to hand early, while the latter is good to know by his flaxen mane and tail, and is full of symmetry and quality, though we should like him better were he a size larger. As we remarked before, buyers will find Mr. Ellam's yearlings quite *au naturel* in point of condition, most of them with plenty of good hard flesh upon them, and buyers can either throw them up or put them into light work at once, without any necessity for getting rid of layers of adipose tissue, only put on at the caprice of fashion, and to be got rid of as speedily as possible after "show day" in the sale ring.

Fine weather favoured sport down west, and though the former glories and importance of Bath will take a deal of reviving, as the time comes round we gladly climb the heights of Lansdown, associated with so many pleasant, if not sensational episodes in turf history. Nothing came thither this year from Russley, formerly one of the pillars of the meeting, but still we managed to rub along pretty comfortably, and, as usual, a race or two fell to Danebury, a stable rather down upon its luck just now, but showing signs of still being able to keep its head above water. Albert Victor had quite a field day close to the scenes of his former training labours, and Essayne and Emma, who swept the board of two year old races on Tuesday, are fair specimens of his stock, as well as cheap purchases, which latter consideration considerably enhances the pleasure of winning. Mr. Cartwright, on his favourite vantage ground, of course got a turn, with Fair Lyonesse in the Beaufort Handicap, and with Tym-bar-lym in the Welter Plate, while the moderate Bobbin' Around colt met worse animals than himself in the Three Year Old Biennial, a race which has made and marred Derby favourites in its day. On Wednesday the Badminton Stakes was nearly going in the same direction as the Beaufort Handicap, but Wallingford, at a stone the best of the weights, was too much for Fair Lyonesse, and again Mr. Cartwright's colours had to put up with second place in the Somersetshire Stakes, the "all scarlet" on Fluster beating the scarlet and black on Tym-bar-lym, the latter name a regular "jawbreaker" for the Ring and their clients. Emma, who secured her third victory in the Weston Stakes, making short work of the equally fancied Whitebine. Lizzie Greystock filly took the Two Year Old Plate, and Cellarer followed up his success of yesterday in the Worcester Selling Plate. Central Fire and Marcellas were heroes of the brace of Hunters' Plates; and the Dyrham Park Welter Plate fell to an outsider in the Pillion filly, owing to a scrimage, in which Larissa's chance was summarily disposed of.

York, we thought, was livelier and more interesting than usual at its spring gathering of the clans on Knavesmire, but of course the plating element was in the ascendant, and no very grand youngsters were pulled out for the rather insignificant stakes provided for rising talent. The Craven and Stand Stakes and Glasgow Plate all attracted good fields, the first falling to Cleopatra, while Unicorn and Lady of Jervaux colt respectively got their heads in front for the two latter races. Puck rather unexpectedly had his wings clipped in the Ebor Plate by Selene; and though that slave-of-all-work, Tentergate, at one time looked like taking down Castlereagh's number for the Great Northern Handicap, it all came to nothing, and Mr. Batt has evidently a useful horse in the chestnut, who may do the stable as good service as Thorn—albeit in a different line—and Castlereagh looks like doing his owner yeoman's service in Queen's Plates, if not in Cups, some fine day. Coates furnished the winner of the Knavesmire Plate in Peerage, and another young Palmer (out of Perce) was second; while the success of Mr. Lowther's colours on the Miss Somerset filly gladdened the hearts of his constituents, both Au Revoir and Prevention being better favourites, and the winner is one of the first of the "iron horse's" get. The same jacket was successful in the opening race of Wednesday on a Kincraft filly out of Emma, beating Prevention and Au Revoir; and Epidemic II. was well backed for the Consolation Scramble, which he won cleverly enough from Ariel and Bumpkin. Ruperta and Melton were heralded winners of the Stamford Stakes and the Flying Dutchman's Handicap respectively, and Mr. J. B. Cookson (whose jacket has been in front so many times in the North this season) took home the Tyro Stakes and Londenborough Cup by the aid of Perra filly and Coromandel II., the former being sold to Mr. "Bob" Hewitt for 220 guineas, after beating ten opponents very cleverly, while eleven came out to do battle against the daughter of the Pearl, about whom the tempting price of 100 to 8 was on offer in the ring.

Fall allusion having been made elsewhere to the great races to be decided next week at Epsom, we shall therefore omit all further mention of the Derby and Oaks, and proceed to discuss the remainder of the bill of fare set before us by Mr. Duling, a *menu*, we may add, fully sufficient for four days' consumption by hungry racegoers. The best known names of public performers in the Woodcote Stakes, on Tuesday, are Vol-au-Vent, Sabella, and Maraschino; while possessors of high private reputations are represented by British Queen, Fire King, Barretina colt, Melfort, and Success, but it is invariably the best policy to follow up winners on previous occasions, and we shall, therefore, give our vote to Maraschino, who may again be Archer's mount, Lord Falmouth having made no entry in this, the first really important two-year-old contest of the season. On the Derby day the Stanley Stakes claims precedence next to the big race, and, doubtless, some very smart cattle will meet to try conclusions on the easy half mile, including Sabella, The Doe colt, Zuleika, Attainer, Maraschino, Khabara, Landrail, Polly Carew, Sabretache, and Dourance, and of these we have most fancy for The Doe colt, who, besides escaping a penalty, claims the maiden allowance of 3lb. On Thursday, in the Two-Year-Old Stakes, we find such claimants as Knight of Athol, Zuleika, Attainer, Oceanie, Ardblair, Polly Carew, Siluria filly, and Dourance, most of which will have to put up something extra for previous successes, but Polly Carew is so quick out of slips that she may be the best to trust, Oceanie being the one most likely to trouble Lord Rosebery's flying filly. The Epsom Gold Cup will furnish a highly-interesting race should Isonomy, Belphebe, Insulaire, Parole, and Touchet meet to try conclusions, but at present we fancy Isonomy will be able to give a good account of those brought out to oppose him, though we

are bound to entertain a certain amount of respect for the American, who will be quite at home over the Epsom track.

The competitors for the Epsom Two-Year-Old Plate will have been pretty well "run through" prior to the start, but only the smaller fry are engaged, and Oceanie may be found equal to the task of disposing of Knight of Athol, Zuleika, Attainer, Contadino, Dreamland, Dalmatic, and Siluria filly. In like manner, the issue of the Acorn Stakes will have become narrowed down to a select few by Friday morning, and only those who have shown some sort of form will care to cast in their lot with Sabella, Berceauette, The Song, Khabara, Dalmatic, Nightcap, and Dourance, of which septette command us to *The Song*, who may not have her colours lowered for some time to come, and we must perhaps wait for Ascot to show us something capable of making the Duke of Hamilton's filly "sing small."

As usual on the eve of the Derby, all sorts of scares and shares have been skilfully floated, and in the early part of the week Strathearn's backers were mercifully put out of their misery, though the Guineas running of Mr. Beddington's colt gave promise of better things. Then came reports of Charibert's upset in a trial with Silvio, and while many were ready to blame Lord Falmouth for relieving his mind on the point of the chestnut's ability to stay, others took Mr. Gretton to task for not utilising his strong trying tackle for taking the measure of Falmouth, so that Cadogan for a time had the benefit of "disquieting rumours," and actually took the lead at Lewes, the prophet thus having honour for once in his own country. Since Monday it has been a case of "one up and the other down" among the four leading candidates, and never within our recollection have the chances of so many prominent public fancies appeared so equally balanced. Of course, during the week which must elapse prior to the solution of the grand problem, many and strange changes may occur, though it is difficult to imagine the possibility of any dark candidate emerging from the "ruck" of the betting, and threatening the positions of well-tried aspirants for the Blue Riband of 1879.

May 22nd.

### SKYLARK.

#### MR. JAMES HORNSBY'S HUNTERS, HACKS, &c.

Most of our readers will recollect what an attractive feature in Messrs. Tattersalls "Derby" Monday catalogues in former years, were Mr. Milward's ponies, and what high prices were realised for the judiciously selected string which came up on each anniversary. The sale was one of the fashionable fixtures of the London season, but it had been discontinued for some years before Mr. Milward's death, which took place quite recently, and Albert Gate knew the shapely and clever assortment of miniature steeds no more. For some seasons, however, Mr. James Hornsby, of Grantham, has been coming to the front to supply Mr. Milward's place, though perhaps not exactly in the same line of horseflesh, and henceforth the Monday before the Derby will be associated with the name of a gentleman as well-known for his ability and energy in conducting one of the largest agricultural manufactures in England, as for his practical knowledge of horseflesh, and love of the noble animal, whether in the shape of hunter, hackney, or harness-horse. If we recollect rightly, Mr. Milward's collection came up entirely without any sort of warranty attached to the various lots, so that people were buying quite in the dark as regards the "adaptabilities" of the animals for the purposes required of them. It is rather unsatisfactory business purchasing in these happy-go-lucky terms, with no guide but "A run up the yard," and no guarantees as to quietness in saddle or harness. But Mr. Hornsby has changed all that, and his 21 lots come up with characters of which personal experience has been attained, and buyers may fully and wholly rely upon the description appended to each lot in the catalogue—no small recommendation when it is remembered that genuine sales (so far as vendors are concerned) are few and far between, and that a lot of rubbish is often sought to be foisted upon the public by charlatans and "chanters" of all descriptions clever enough to entrap upon occasions even the wariest of old birds. Mr. Hornsby's collection of this year may be described as comprising a class of horses each endowed with some peculiar excellence, but all "willing to make themselves generally useful," and handy and clever in their several vocations. The qualities of the hunters have been frequently tested with the Belvoir and other packs within reach of their owner's headquarters at Grantham, and though the qualifications of the hacks and roadsters are various, there is nothing whatever of the "scratch" element about Mr. Hornsby's collection. All have been thoroughly and honestly tested and tried, according to their different "lights," and both master and mistress are such thorough masters as well as lovers of their art that the certificates appended to each lot may be accepted as given in good faith, and not without conscientious consideration. Perhaps the weight-carrying hackney is the class best represented at Albert Gate in this year's score of young, fresh horses, and these have always been a speciality with Mr. Hornsby, who has scoured the country for the best specimens of this type of horse. Nags capable of carrying welter weights safely are not to be picked up every day, and those groaning under the "burden of the flesh" know that "action" is the essence of safety in all paces, and with this object Mr. Hornsby has made his selections. Most of these weight-carriers are also useful in the capacity of double and single harness horses, and we are among those who think with Mr. Hornsby that an exchange between saddle and harness is of benefit instead of detriment to animals of this description. We strongly recommend to all our readers—men about town and country cousins alike—an inspection of Mr. Hornsby's team now at Albert Gate, and we think that thanks are due to the "founder of the feast" for the opportunity he annually affords to all of securing a genuine article in open market, and without interference by the "loafing and coping" fraternity.

THE French Press is still very angry at the proposed visit of the Comédie-Française to London. In a recent article in the *Érément* M. Léon Chapron says: "There is not a single peasant who does not, under one form or another, contribute his oboli towards the subvention received by the Théâtre-Française. A unique question presents itself. In two months, the first comedian of one country might have initiated the provinces into the harmonious traditions of elegant diction. No. They go abroad in order to increase their fortunes. This is simply shameful. The Comédie-Française, a company hitherto respected, and in which there are some very fine people, is about to commit a veritable scandal.

AMONGST dramatic pictures at the Paris Salon are—a portrait of the famous actor Delaunay, by Gounod, and a portrait of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, by Bastien Lepage.

HORSES: WOUNDS, STRAINS, STIFF JOINTS AND SORE THROATS.—Hot and cold water and DAY, SON, & HEWITT'S "Brown Extract," with an occasional dose of the "Rod Paste Balls" or "Rod Condition Powders," will heal the most stubborn wounds, allay the most violent pain, reduce the most dangerous swellings, strengthen the weakest joints, and cure the sorest heels. Strains and sprains are within its matchless powers, and, in case of severe blemish, will restore the natural hair. It has, in fact, no equal for its healing, penetrating, and balsamic powers. 22, Dorset-street, Baker-street, London, W.—[Anvt.]

### PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

#### LEWES MEETING.

FRIDAY, MAY 16.

The ASHCOMBE HANDICAP.—Mr. E. Hobson's Ventnor (Newhouse), 1; Saltier, 2; Governor, 3. 6 ran.  
The CASTLE PLATE.—Mr. J. Potter's Ascanius (Aldridge), 1; Fly by Night, 2; Rusk, 3. 7 ran.  
The ABERGAVENNY STAKES.—Duke of Hamilton's The Song (Custance), 1; Playfellow, 2; Seahorse, 3. 4 ran.  
The SOUTHDOWN CLUB WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. R. S. Evans's Iron Duke (Mr. A. Coventry), 1; Silver Cloud, 2; Nugget, 3. 9 ran.  
The JUVENILE PLATE.—Mr. J. Lowe's Play Rough (R. Wyatt), 1; Lightning, 2; Almoner, 3. 6 ran.  
The HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Mr. S. Frewen's Silas Wegg (Mr. Beuill), 1; Prior of Prado, 2; Bristol, 3. 6 ran.

SATURDAY.

The OFFHAM WELTER PLATE.—Lindisfarne, 1; Edith Plantagenet, 2; Saltier, 3. 6 ran.  
The LANDPORT PLATE.—Genista, 1; Zarina, 2; Philida, 3. 5 ran.  
The HOUNDE PLATE.—Extinguisher, 1; Ascanius, 2; Saga, 3. 9 ran.  
The LEWES SPRING HANDICAP.—Mr. H. Milne Walker's Fortitude (Barker), 1; Governor, 2; Priscillian, 3. 9 ran.  
The PLUMPTON PLATE.—Fairy Form colt, 1; Play Rough, 2; Wild Flower, 3. 5 ran.  
The SELLING HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Vevette gelding, 1; Tippler, 2; Pernambuco, 3. 6 ran.

#### BATH MEETING.

TUESDAY.

The LANSDOWNE PLATE.—Mr. P. H. Cooper's Essayez (Greaves), 1; Lizzie Greystock filly, 2; Glass of Fashion, 3. 5 ran.  
The JUVENILE STAKES.—Lord Anglesey's Emma (C. Willis), 1; Usk, 2; Tricolour, 3. 7 ran.  
The BEAUFORT HANDICAP.—Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Fair Lyonesse (Luke), 1; Blue Mountain, 2; Eleonor colt, 3. 6 ran.  
The SECOND YEAR of the TWENTY-SEVENTH BIENNIAL STAKES.—Mr. Fryer's Bobbin' Around colt (Camion), 1; Groundbait, 2; St. Woolos, 3. 5 ran.  
The TRADESMEN'S SELLING PLATE.—Mr. W. Gregory's Cellarer (J. Manser), 1; Ancient Mariner, 2; Titus Flavius, 3. 4 ran.  
The FIRST YEAR of the TWENTY-EIGHTH BIENNIAL STAKES.—Lord Anglesey's Emma (Luke), 1; Carine filly, 2; Roman Water, 3. 4 ran.  
The COUNTY MEMBERS' WELTER PLATE.—Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Twm-bar-wlm (Constable), 1; Charaxus, 2; Leith, 3. 10 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

MATCH.—Mr. J. Charles's Nancy (Mr. M. Rudd), 1; Kenilworth, 2.  
The BADMINTON STAKES.—Mr. H. E. Tidy's Wallingford (Luke), 1; Fair Lyonesse, 2; Blue Mountain, 3. 4 ran.

The LICENSED VICTUALLERS' TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE.—Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Lizzie Greystock filly (Gallon), 1; Lucy Maria, 2; Little Duke, 3. 4 ran.  
The WESTON STAKES.—Lord Anglesey's Emma (Luke), 1; White Blue, 2; Tricolour, 3. 4 ran.  
A HUNTERS' SELLING PLATE.—Mr. T. Caley's Central Fire (Mr. H. Owen), 1; Tipper, 2; Reridus, 3. 3 ran.  
The SOMERSETSHIRE STAKES.—Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Fluster (Gallon), 1; Twm-bar-twm, 2; Lighthous, 3. 6 ran.

The WORCESTER SELLING WELTER PLATE.—Mr. W. Gregory's The Cellarer (J. Manser), 1; Rustic Lass, 2; Gourmet, 3. 5 ran.  
The DYRHAM PARK WELTER PLATE HANDICAP.—Lord de Clifford's Pillion colt (S. Mordun), 1; Fair Wind, 2; St. Woolos, 3. 6 ran.  
The LYNNOME HUNTERS' PLATE.—Mr. A. Cox's Marcellus (Mr. Hanbury), 1; Azov, 2; Despise, 3. 5 ran.

#### YORK MEETING.

TUESDAY.

The CRAVEN STAKES.—Mr. W. H. Shaw's Cleopatra (Morgan), 1; Thirkleby, 2; Ariel, 3. 10 ran.  
The KNAVE'S PLATE.—Mr. J. Coates's Peerage (Morgan), 1; Perea filly, 2; King George, 3. 6 ran.  
The GREAT NORTHERN HANDICAP.—Mr. R. N. Batt's Castlereagh (J. Osborne), 1; Tentergate, 2; Knight Tenpenny, 3. 6 ran.  
The GLASGOW PLATE.—Mr. Buckle's Lady Jervaux colt (G. Cooke), 1; The Don, 2; Good Thing, 3. 8 ran.  
The STAND STAKES.—Mr. T. Green's Unicorn (J. Osborne), 1; Ruperta, 2; Ascarius, 3. 9 ran.  
The ENOR PLATE.—Mr. John Milner's Selene (Mr. G. Bourne), 1; Puck, 2; Lurline, 3. 3 ran.  
The ZETLAND STAKES.—Mr. Lowther's Miss Somerset filly (Snowden), 1; Au Revoir, 2; Prevention, 3. 8 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

The EGLINGTGN STAKES.—Mr. J. Lowther's Emma filly (Snowden), 1; Prevention, 2; Au Revoir, 3. 6 ran.  
The CONSOLATION SCRAMBLE HANDICAP.—Mr. Hodgson's Epidemic II. (Collins), 1; Ariel, 2; Bumpkin, 3. 14 ran.  
The STAMFORD STAKES.—Mr. R. C. Vyner's Ruperta (Griffiths), 1; Norseman, 2; Savoir, 3. 6 ran.  
The FLYING DUTCHMAN'S HANDICAP.—Colonel W. H. II. Broadley's Melton, 1; Hardrada, 2; Jollification, 3. 5 ran.  
The TYRO STAKES.—Mr. J. B. Cookson's Perea filly (Fagan), 1; Gramercy, 2; Will, 3. 11 ran.  
The LONDENBOROUGH CUP.—Mr. J. B. Cookson's Coromandel II. (Collins), 1; Helios, 2; Triumvir, 3. 12 ran.  
The VICTORIA PLATE.—Mr. G. Ringrose's Miss Sykes (Mr. T. Spence), 1; Tunstall Maid, 2; Brother to Iloni Soit, 3; Dandy, 4. 4 ran.

#### DONCASTER RACES.

THURSDAY.

The LONDEBOROUGH PLATE.—Mr. H. Bragg's Gandy Flaneur (J. Osborne), 1; Zanoni, 2; Blue Bonnet, 3. 5 ran.  
The HOPEFUL PLATE.—Mr. J. B. Cookson's Bonnie Marden (Fagan), 1; Gilders, 2; Nightcap, 3. 7 ran.  
The DONCASTER SPRING HANDICAP.—Mr. J. Trotter's Palmbearer (Bell), 1; Skelgate Maid, 2; Restore, 3. 9 ran.  
The MUNICIPAL STAKES.—Mr. H. Hibbert's Fly by Night (Morbey), 1; Lady Randolph filly, 2; Norsem, 3. 5 ran.  
The SELLING WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. T. Green's Savoir Faire (J. Osborne), 1; Fireproof colt, 2; Tamar, 3. 6 ran.  
HUNTERS' STAKES.—Inchkeith, 1; Restoration, 2; Monarch, 3. 6 ran.

#### SALISBURY MEETING.

THURSDAY.

The STEWARDS' PLATE.—Mr. John Day's Confessor (T. Cannon), 1; Leith, 2; Cornet, 3. 9 ran.  
The LONGLEAT PLATE.—Mr. H. E. Tidy's Heather (Luke), 1; Priscillian, 2; Coruscation, 3. 6 ran.  
The WILTSHIRE STAKES.—Mr. S. Western's Nugget (Luke), 1; Sileral, 2; Lizzie Greystock gelding, 3. 4 ran.  
The CITY BOWL.—Mr. F. Lyman's Gourmet (Greaves), 1; Queen Esther, 2; Dumbiedykes, 3. 13 ran.  
The STONEHENGE PLATE.—Duke of Montrose's Squib (Luke), 1; Thornley, 2; Phyllida, 3. 9 ran.  
The SALISBURY STAKES.—Lord Allington's Orchestra (T. Cannon), 1; Triermain, 2; Queen of the T.Y.C., 3. 6 ran.

### FOREIGN RACING INTELLIGENCE.

#### CHANTILLY MEETING.

SUNDAY.

PRIX DE LA REINE BLANCHE.—Baron de Varenne's Justice (Wheeler), 1; Hontrada, 2; Voltigeur, 3. 8 ran.  
PRIX DU GRAND CHIENE.—M. Blanc's Porcelaine (Wheeler), 1; Saucisse, 2; Marco II., 3. 9 ran.  
PRIX DES EQUURES.—M. Euphrasi's Fils de l'Air (Covey), 1; Satisfaction, 2; Courtoise, 3. 11 ran.  
PRIX DE DIANE (French Oaks).—M. Blanc's Nubienne, by Ithy Blas—Nice, 8st 11lb ..... Wheeler 1  
Count de Meen's Swift, 8st 11lb ..... Carratt 2  
Count de Ligurande's Ultima, 8st 11lb ..... Dodgo 3  
Also ran:—Bruyère, Santa Fe, La Cigale, La Friteuse, California, Miss Revigny, Mlle. Clarion, Proserpine, Tourangelle.  
PRIX D'AGREMENT.—M. Blanc's Fitz Plutus (Wheeler), 1; Fido, 2; Mourle, 3. 5 ran.

EPSOM SUMMER RACES.—For the convenience of the public wishing to book previously to the Epsom Downs Race Course Station from Victoria and London Bridge, and so avoid the crush and inconvenience at the Stations, the Brighton Railway Company give notice that their West-end Office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, will remain open until 11 p.m. each evening from Monday, 23rd, till Thursday, 26th, inclusive, for the issue of tickets to the Epsom Downs Stations at the same fares as charged at Victoria and London Bridge.  
ALL WHO COUGH, SING, OR HAVE COLDS should read the following from S. Pearseall, Esq., Vicar Choral Lichfield Cathedral.—

## REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC.

W. CZERNY, 349, Oxford-street, W.—“Baveno,” price 3s., a serenade for pianoforte, by P. Humblot, appears to have been suggested by an incident which occurred during the stay of Queen Victoria in Italy. “The stillness of evening was broken by a serenade, played on four mandolines, to the evident delight of Her Majesty,” and in this pianoforte solo the effect of the mandolines is cleverly imitated. The melody is in F 6.8 time, with a well-written episode in B flat, common time, and is remarkably elegant and effective. Whether this is the serenade that was played on the occasion referred to is doubtful, but a more charming bagatelle we have not seen for a long time past.—“Pan Chorazy,” price 3s., is a freshly melodious

Polonaise for pianoforte, composed by S. Moninszko, and arranged as a duet, price 4s., by G. I. von Eyken. In either form it will be a welcome addition to the repertory of amateur pianists.—Nos. 43 and 44 of the “Celebrated Choruses for Ladies’ Voices” contain a three part song by Curschmann, and another, in waltz-time, by J. B. Wekerlin. They are well arranged, with English words by J. W. O’Brien and Mrs. Macfarren, and the price is 4d. each!

PATERSON AND SONS, Edinburgh.—“A Swing Song, for the pianoforte,” price 3s., composed by E. Woycke, is characteristic and melodious.—“Come to the land,” price 3s., is a song, words by E. Falconer, music by W. C. Levey. With the exception of a few blemishes, the verses are acceptable. The melody is charming, and Mr. Levey has succeeded in giving to it a decidedly Irish character.

DUNCAN, DAVISON AND CO., 244, Regent-street, W.—“The last Kiss,” price 4s., written by A. Lemon, and composed by P. Bridgeford, is a combination of faulty verse with commonplace music.

ALFRED HAXS, 4, Exchange-buildings, E.C.—“The White Witch,” price 4s., is a setting, by C. Penruddocke, of some remarkably elegant and poetical lines by Whyte-Melville.

FRANCIS AND DAY, 351, Oxford-street, W.—“The Rival Crews,” price 2s. nett, written by A. Watt, and composed by A. Barker. This “Boat Song,” dedicated to the London Rowing Club, deserves to become popular amongst oarsmen. The three verses are well written and spirited, the melody, though simple, is highly effective, and the five-part chorus at the end of each verse is cleverly harmonised.

COMPOSERS’ PUBLISHING COMPANY, 46, Leicester-square.—



A DERBY TIPSTER.

“Wait until the train stops,” price 3s., is a “railway motto song,” written and composed by the Chevalier F. de Yrigoyti. The Chevalier does not shine as a verse writer, and such rhymes as “babies” and “ladies” are obviously open to objection. His verses are, however, not worse than those to be found in the bulk of “philosophical” comic songs, and the melody is lively while the accompaniments are characteristic. The C in the sixth bar on page 3 requires an accidental sharp.

## SHOOTING BIRDS OF PARADISE.

We received many letters on the subject of this illustration in our last number and the accompanying letterpress, mainly in consequence of the accidental mixing up of two separate articles, one belonging to an illustration of sport in Ceylon and the other that prepared to accompany the engraving. A Correspondent who

says “I have been a subscriber to your SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS from the very first number, and have always been much pleased with both the illustrations and letterpress,” points out that “These birds are never found so near the ground, but only perch on the highest twigs; that the sport is never performed by full-grown Malays, but by little boys, who use bows and arrows of a very small size only, and that no birds of paradise occur in Ceylon, and that there is only one species of birds of paradise with elongated tail feathers as described, but this is a *red* bird and not the bird of paradise *peuprement dit*.” The writer goes on to say “The species depicted in your illustration is the very common one, generally named the ‘greater bird of paradise,’ and is the only form of which specimens have been brought over alive to Europe. Some months ago four individuals were exhibited at the Zoological Gardens in Regent’s Park. Dried

skins of these birds have been sent from their native land ever since the beginning of the previous century; most of these specimens, however, were without legs, and consequently many of the stuffed birds of paradise in museums have, to make up the deficit, been provided with magpies’ or jackdaws’ legs. The greater part of these dried specimens found their way to the *plumassiers*, and were some years ago very valuable; the long side feathers, erroneously called tail-feathers, being the chief attraction. These, as everyone knows, are used for ornaments in ladies’ hats, bonnets, and coiffures. Further information is given by Wallace in his well-known ‘Malay Archipelago,’ published, I believe, by Routledge and Co.” Amongst other letters is one from no less an authority than the famous Mr. Jamrach, whose knowledge of all these subjects is of course both practical and extensive.

## SALES BY AUCTION, etc.

In the High Court of Justice, Chancery Division.—Butts v. Butts.—Kent.—Valuable Freehold Farm, known as Wyres Farm, containing upwards of 73 acres of sound and useful arable and wood land, situate in the parish of Standsted, near Irotham, with possession; also the Manor or reputed Manor of Soarans, with its rights, privileges, and emoluments.

**M** R. CHRISTOPHER OAKLEY (of the firm of Messrs. Daniel, Smith, Son, and Oakley) will SELL by AUCTION (with the approbation of the Judge to whose Court the above cause is attached), at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, City, E.C., on WEDNESDAY, June 18, at 2 for 2 precisely, in one lot, the above-mentioned FREEHOLD MANORAL PROPERTY. It is distant about six miles from Farningham, seven from Sevenoaks, and 10 from Maidstone, in a healthy and pleasant part of the county of Kent, adjoining farms belonging to Col. James, Mr. John Sparks, —tig, Esq., and others, and offers a good opportunity for safe investment of capital or occupation.—Particulars may be obtained of Messrs. Duncan, Warren, and Gardner, Solicitors, 45, Bloomsbury-square, W.C.; of Messrs. J. and M. Pontifex, Solicitors, St. Andrew's-street, Holborn-circus, E.C.; of the tenant, Mr. John Sparks, Stansted, Kent; at the Crown Hotel, Sevenoaks; the Star, Maidstone; at the place of sale; and of Messrs. Daniel Smith, Son, and Oakley, Land Agents and Surveyors, 10, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, S.W.

**B**ERKS, in the beautiful neighbourhood of Ascot.—The choice Freehold Residential Property, distinguished as Heathfield, comprising an elegant mansion, in excellent substantial and decorative repair and condition, approached through delightful pleasure grounds and embellished with the finest specimen coniferous trees and shrubs of all kinds, with a large walled kitchen garden, extensive ranges of glasshouses of all kinds, a pretty entrance-lodge, excellent stabling for 10 horses, three loose boxes, with yards attached for summering hunters, carriage-houses, and useful outbuildings, all in perfect order, the whole being belted by luxuriant plantations of beautiful conifers and ornamental timber. The property, which contains an area of nearly 35 acres, and forms one of the choicest residential properties of this beautiful and highly-esteemed district, possesses a considerable frontage to the Bracknell-road, about a mile from the Ascot Race Course and Grand Stand, and about  $\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Ascot Station, whence London is reached in about an hour. The Queen's Staghounds and Mr. Gauth's and the South Berks Foxhounds hunt the district, and are always within easy distance. With possession.

**M**ESSRS. DANIEL SMITH and OAKLEY have received instructions to offer the above attractive PROPERTY for SALE by AUCTION, at the Auction Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C., on WEDNESDAY, the 18th June, at TWO o'clock precisely (unless previously sold by private contract).—Particulars may be obtained of Messrs. White, Brightou, and White, Solicitors, 12, Great Marlborough-street, W.; and of the Auctioneers, 10, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, S.W.

**S**URREY, near Guildford.—The beautiful Freehold Residential Property, known as the Snowdenham Estate (free from great tithe and principally from land-tax), situate in a lovely district, principally in the parish of Bramley, and consisting of extremely undulating and picturesque arable and pasture land, of productive and sound quality, ornamentally timbered, offering choice sites for the erection of one or more mansions, with a capital old family residence, known as Snowdenham-house, occupying a sheltered position in the valley, surrounded by and approached through rich pasture land, containing ornamental pools of water and running streams, by an avenue of very large firs, together with a superior farmhouse or gentleman's summer residence, very pleasantly placed, a large homestead, two field homesteads, a water corn mill, and several cottage dwellings, the whole containing an area of about 284 acres, forming a very compact and choice residential property, in a beautiful situation. It is about three miles south of the important county town of Guildford, with excellent rail communication by the London and South-Western, South-Eastern, and London, Brighton, and South-Coast Railways, the journey to and from Waterloo, by fast trains, occupying about 50 minutes.

**M**ESSRS. DANIEL SMITH, SON, and OAKLEY have received instructions to offer the above delightful FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY for SALE by AUCTION, at the Auction Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C., on WEDNESDAY, the 18th June, at 2 o'clock precisely, in three or in six lots (unless previously sold by private contract).—Particulars may be obtained of Messrs. Chapple, Welch, and Chapple, Solicitors, 25, Carter-lane, Doctors' Commons, E.C.; and of Messrs. Daniel Smith, Son and Oakley, Land Agents and Surveyors, No. 10, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, S.W.

**G**LOUCESTERSHIRE.—The Horton House Estate, a choice Freehold Residential Property, situate in one of the best hunting districts, in the parish of Horton, occupying a delightful position, commanding lovely views, and containing 800 acres.

**M**ESSRS. DANIEL SMITH, SON, and OAKLEY have received instructions from the Mortgagor to SELL by AUCTION, in August, the above attractive PROPERTY, in one lot. It is situate in a very favourite part of the county, about four miles from Yate Junction Station on the Gloucester and Bristol line of the Midland Railway, nine from Tetbury, 13 from Bath, 14 from Chippenham, and 16 from Bristol. The estate, which is very compact, lies partly on the Cotswold range; this portion consisting of 190 acres of sound and arable land in a first-class state of cultivation, the remaining 610 acres, which extend into the beautiful Vale of Gloucester, consisting almost entirely of rich grazing land, well timbered. Under the hill, well placed on a gentle slope, is the moderate-sized, modern mansion, of handsome Elizabethan design, well and substantially built of freestone and Bath stone, planned throughout with every regard to comfort, surrounded by its pretty small park, plantations, and pleasure grounds, designed and planted some years since by Messrs. Veitch, with walled garden, glasshouses, capital stabling, an ornamental cottage for the gardener, &c., all new and in first-rate condition. Suitable farm-houses and homesteads, and house and cottage property in and about the village; the whole (except the mansion which is in hand), being let to substantial tenants at moderate rents, producing a gross rental of over £1,600 per annum.—Particulars may be obtained of Messrs. W. and A. Ranken Ford, Solicitors, 4, South-square, Gray's-inn, W.C.; and of the Auctioneers, 10, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, S.W.

**N**ORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—The Freehold and Tithes-free Agricultural Property known as Rushden Lodge and Bencroft Grange Farms, comprising a substantial farm residence, with bailiff's house and suitable farm buildings conveniently arranged and well placed, surrounded by about 560 acres of capital productive corn and stock land, let to a good tenant at £900 per annum.

**M**ESSRS. DANIEL SMITH, SON, and OAKLEY have received instructions to SELL the above FREEHOLD ESTATE by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, City, E.C., in July, in one or in two lots. It is situate in the parish and about a mile from the town of Rushden, in a very compact form in a perfect ring fence, and is divided into large enclosures, intersected by the high road from Higham Ferrers to Bedford, and about 10 miles from the latter important market and county town,  $\frac{1}{2}$  from Wellingborough, and 3 from the Irchester and Sharnbrook stations on the Midland Railway (main line), and about 7 from Kimbolton and Raunds stations on the Kettering and Thrapston line. The property is in a good hunting country, within reach of three noted packs of foxhounds, and the land, which is deep staple, pro-

ducing capital crops of corns and roots, has been nearly all underdrained, and is in good condition. The whole is arable, except about 35 acres grass, and small belts of woodland. It is in the neighbourhood of good markets, with good railway accommodation and good roads. Particulars may be obtained of Messrs. Newman, Stretton, and Hillard, Solicitors, 75, Cornhill, E.C.; at the "George," Northampton; the "Hind," Wellington; the "Swan," Bedford; and of the Auctioneers, 10, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, S.W.

**D**EVONSHIRE, on the banks of the Exe, about eight miles from Exeter, and two from Exmouth, a beautiful Residential Estate.

**M**ESSRS. DANIEL SMITH, SON, and OAKLEY have received instructions to offer for SALE, during the summer, the beautiful FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE known as Courtlands, a well-appointed mansion of moderate size, charmingly placed on high ground, in a small, finely-timbered park, sloping to the banks of the river Exe, and commanding views which are gems of landscape beauty. The house is in thorough repair, with well-laid out terraced lawn and pleasure grounds, delightful shrubbery walks, capital kitchen garden stocked with wall and standard fruit trees, excellent vineyards, conservatory, with an abundant supply of the purest water, extensive stabling and coach-houses, a newly-built small farmery, and rich orchard, meadow, and arable lands, the whole containing about 70 acres, situate within three-quarters of a mile of Lympstone Station, on the Exeter and Exmouth Line, whence London is reached in 4½ hours. Particulars and plans may be obtained of Messrs. Follett, Buttishill, and Houlditch, Solicitors, Exeter; of Messrs. Drew, Land Agents and Surveyors, No. 15, Queen-street, Exeter; and of the Auctioneers, 10, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, S.W.

**M**OMOUTHSHIRE, near Chepstow.—The Shirenewton House Estate, a very valuable and singularly attractive Freehold Residential Property, occupying a beautiful situation, within five miles of this picturesque town, comprising a capital, moderate-sized mansion, well appointed in every respect, and in excellent substantial and decorative repair, placed on high ground, and approached through well-arranged pleasure grounds, containing a fine collection of beautiful trees and shrubs of luxuriant growth, with entrance lodge, walled gardens, and good stabling, and overlooking rich park-like pasture land ornamenteally timbered. The house and estate command magnificent views of the estuary of the River Severn, with its shipping, the mouths of the Wye and Avon, and the beautiful, undulating, and richly-wooded landscape which surrounds the property. The agricultural portion is sound arable, pasture, and orchard land, with a superior farmhouse and homestead; and there are various cottage dwellings, a public house, &c. The whole being interspersed with ornamental woods, and containing about 239 acres, exclusive of 14 acres of rich alluvial pasture land in Cudleot Level, about four miles distant, near the Porthkewet Station and the Bristol Channel; the journey from Paddington to Chepstow occupying about four hours by fast trains.

**M**ESSRS. DANIEL SMITH, SON, and OAKLEY have received instructions to offer the above delightful FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C., in July (unless previously sold by private contract).—Particulars may be obtained of Messrs. White, Brightou, and White, Solicitors, 12, Great Marlborough-street, W.; and of the Auctioneers, 10, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, S.W.

**M**ESSRS. DANIEL SMITH, SON, and OAKLEY have received instructions to SELL the above delightful FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C., in July (unless previously sold by private contract).—Particulars may be obtained of Messrs. Edmonds and Macqueen, Solicitors, 22, Adelphi, Aberdeen; at the Mart; and of the Auctioneers, 10, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, S.W.

**H**ANTS, in the New Forest.—Bartley-lodge, in the parish of Eling, a Freehold Residential Property, comprising a commodious and substantially-built residence, fitted and arranged with every regard to comfort and convenience, occupying an elevated position in this charming and attractive part of the country, distant  $\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Lyndhurst-road and four from Totton, both stations on the London and South-Western Railway; eight miles from Southampton and 12 from Lympstone. The residence is approached by carriage drives through two prettily designed lodges from the Lyndhurst-road and Bartley-green, and stands in the centre of a small and nicely timbered park, surrounded by well disposed pleasure grounds studded with choice shrubs and conifers. It contains the following accommodation:—Entrance-hall, dining and drawing rooms, the latter opening into conservatory, morning room, boudoir, library, billiard-room, and lavatory; ten principal bed and dressing rooms, night and day nurseries, two water-closets, eight secondary bedrooms, ample and well-arranged domestic offices and excellent dry cellarage in basement. At a suitable distance and screened from view of the house are capital stabling for nine horses, harness room, double coachouse, and two servants' rooms and hay lofts over; also a small farmery, including stable, cart shed, cowhouse, engine-room fitted with stationary engine, force pump, and other machinery, carpenter's shop, forge, &c. The walled-in kitchen garden is productive and well stocked with the choicest wall and other fruit trees; there is also a double vineery, stove-house, brick pit, &c. The property is exceedingly compact, comprises in a ring fence a total area of 59 acres, and enjoys extensive forest rights. The district is proverbial for the salubrity of the air and for the beauty of its forest scenery. There is an abundant supply of spring and soft water laid on throughout.

**M**ESSRS. BEADEL and Co. are instructed by the Proprietor to offer the above ESTATE for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, London, on THURSDAY, the 19th June, 1879, at one o'clock precisely. Particulars, with plan and conditions of sale, may be obtained of Messrs. Beadel and Co., 97, Gresham-street, London, E.C.

**N**ORFOLK.—A Domain of 6,556 acres.—The Wrentham Hall Estate, one of the finest and most compact sporting properties in the United Kingdom, comprising the entire parishes of East and West Wrentham, situate about four miles from the town and station of Thetford on the Norwich Section of the Great Eastern Railway, six miles from Watton, 18 from Bury St. Edmund's, only three hours' journey by rail from London, within easy reach of the principal watering places on the East Coast, and surrounded by the important estates of the Right Honourable Lord Walsingham, Sir Robert Buxton, Bart., Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart., Captain Bennett, and Henry Partridge, Esq. The mansion, which is substantially brick built and slated, and in excellent repair, stands in the centre of the park, is surrounded by tastefully laid-out grounds; contains on the ground floor, lobby, noble saloon entrance and inner halls, suite of reception rooms, including drawing-room, dining room, library, billiard room, study, and water-closet; first floor, nine principal bed rooms, two dressing rooms, boudoir, and two water-closets; second floor, four bedrooms, three store rooms, and water-closet; in west wing, first floor, school room, governess' bedroom, day and night nurseries, five bedrooms, and water-closet; second floor, five women and three men's attic bedrooms, ample and suitably arranged domestic offices, and capital dry wine and beer cellars. The stabling include six loose boxes, four stalls, three coach-houses, harness, saddle, and two-corn rooms, fire-engine house, four grooms' bed rooms, dog kennels, &c. In rear are dairy, game, larder, and gun room. The house and stables are well supplied with good spring water, and gas is laid on. The kitchen gardens are walled in and well-stocked with fruit and other trees in good bearing; they include ranges of vineeries, two peach houses, plant and stove houses, melon and cucumber pits, mushroom house, fruit, seed, and store rooms, potting shed, &c. Leading from the residence to the ruins of West

Wrentham church is the church walk through tastefully laid-out flower garden, bordered by choice evergreen and flowering shrubs of luxuriant growth. The two principal approaches to the mansion are by broad carriage drives through ornamental plantations and parklike land, with lodges at entrance from the public roads. The property includes the home farm, the village of East Wrentham, several farms, with good residences and commodious homesteads, several small occupations, numerous cottages, and large enclosures of arable, pasture, and woodland, the whole embracing an area of 6,556 acres absolutely, in a ring fence. The mansion, park, and some of the farms are in hand, the remainder are let to responsible tenants. The property is well stocked with game, and from its compactness and the large extent of cover, nearly 800 acres, most unusual opportunities for the preservation of a large head of game are offered; a total of 21,000, including rabbits, was killed in the season 1878-1879. There is a Postal Telegraph-office on the estate, and a railway station within a mile and a half of the mansion. The adjoining estates are all strictly preserved. The several large meres on the estate afford excellent fishing and wild fowl shooting, and upon one there is a decoy in which quantities of wild duck are annually taken. The Advowson, or perpetual right of presentation to the Rectory of East and West Wrentham, the gross income of which is about £600 per annum, will be offered at the auction to the purchaser of the estate. Should he not elect to purchase, it will then be sold separately.

**M**ESSRS. BEADEL and Co. are instructed to offer the above valuable ESTATE for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, London, E.C., on THURSDAY, the 19th June, 1879, at one o'clock precisely, in one lot. Particulars, with plans and conditions of sale, may be obtained of Messrs. Birch, Ingrams, and Harrison, Solicitors, 68, Lincoln's-inn-fields, W.C.; at the Mart; and, with orders to view, of Messrs. Beadel and Co., 97, Gresham-street, London, E.C.

**E**SSEX, near Colchester.—A Freehold Residential Property, known as Whitehill, situate about a mile from the Hythe and St. Butolph stations on the Wivenhoe Branch of the Great Eastern Railway, and only  $\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the main-line station, from which there is an excellent service of express and ordinary trains to London. An exceedingly compact and enjoyable property, with immediate possession. It comprises a substantially-built and well-arranged residence, of pleasing elevation, occupying a high and delightful position overlooking the town, standing in the centre of a prettily-timbered, small park, with enclosures of productive arable and pasture land surrounding; the whole containing 58a. 1r. 4p. The residence, surrounded by pleasure grounds and shrubberies, intersected by shaded walks, is placed at a suitable distance from the high road leading from Colchester to Donyland, and to which it has a considerable frontage, is approached by a carriage drive with neat lodge entrance, and contains three reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, with ample domestic offices and dry cellarage in basement. Near are capital stabling, coach-houses, walled-in kitchen garden, with viney, &c., orchard, gardener's cottage, small farmery, and dwelling-house. The premises are abundantly supplied with excellent water. The residence, park, and gardens are in hand. The farm premises and 34 acres of land are at present held by Mr. R. J. Sage, whose tenancy terminates at Michaelmas next.

**M**ESSRS. BEADEL and Co. are instructed to offer the above ESTATE for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, London, in June next. Particulars, with plans and conditions of sale, may be obtained of Messrs. Janson, Cobb, and Pearson, solicitors, 41, Finsbury-circus, E.C.; at the Mart; and of Messrs. Beadel and Co., 97, Gresham-street, London, E.C.

**D**EVONSHIRE.—Preliminary Announcement.—The Wiscombe-parish Estate, an exceedingly valuable residential and sporting property, situate in a most attractive part of the county, in the parishes of Southleigh and Colyton, about six miles distant, and midway between the town of Honiton and the favourite watering-places Sidmouth and Seaton. The estate, which is very compact, and of an undulating character, comprises a commodious family mansion, several farms, cottages, productive grass and arable land, a large extent of woodland, affording excellent cover for the preservation of game, and embraces a total area of 1,854. 3r. 14p., including also the manor, or reputed manor, of Southleigh and the Advowson of the Rectory.

**M**ESSRS. BEADEL and Co. are instructed by the Trustees under the will of the late Charles Gordon, Esq., to offer the above ESTATE for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, during the summer.—Further particulars will appear in future advertisements, and, in the meantime, may be obtained of Thos. Edward Drake, Esq., Solicitor, Exeter; Messrs. Stamp and Son, Solicitors, Honiton; and of Messrs. Beadel and Co., 97, Gresham-street, London, E.C.

**S**UNNINGHILL, Berks.—Tetworth-house, a charming Freehold Residential Estate, occupying one of the choicest spots in this delightful neighbourhood, about one mile from Windsor Forest, a mile and a half from Ascot Station on the London and South-Western Railway, two miles from Virginia Water, about 10 minutes' walk from the parish church, and one hour's ride by rail from London. The residence stands on an elevated position, placed at a suitable distance from the road leading from Ascot to Windsor, nearly opposite the lodge-entrance to the New Mile Course; it is surrounded by well-disposed lawn and pleasure grounds, interspersed by terrace and gravel walks, screened and studded with a variety of well-grown forest trees and conifers. It contains the following accommodation:—Entrance-hall, dining and drawing rooms, the latter opening to conservatory, library, lavatory, store room, butler's pantry, and water-closet, five principal bed and two dressing rooms, water-closet, day and night nurseries, and four secondary bedrooms; the domestic offices are ample and conveniently arranged; there is capital dry wine and ale cellarage, as also a cottage, containing two rooms, for servants. The gardens are walled in, very productive, and well stocked; there are also viney, stove, greenhouse, forcing pits, &c. The stabling is well placed, and includes three stalls, three boxes, and harness room, with hay loft and groom's room over double coach-house, and at the northern extremity of the property is a small farmery with gardener's cottage. The residence is surrounded by park-like pasture land, the whole containing 21a. 1r. 5p.

**M**ESSRS. BEADEL and CO. have received instructions to offer the above ESTATE for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, London, early in July next. Particulars are being prepared, and, when ready, may be obtained of Messrs. Longueville, Jones, and Williams, Solicitors, Wexford; and of Messrs. Beadel and Co., 97, Gresham-street, London, E.C.

**R**EIGATE.—About half a mile from the Station.—A substantially-built and very convenient Freehold Detached Residence, with nearly an acre of garden.—With Possession.

**W**EATHERALL and GREEN will SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, near the Bank of England, on Monday, June 9, at TWO precisely, a very superior FREEHOLD Detached FAMILY RESIDENCE, most pleasantly situate in the Beech-road, with southern aspect, sheltered from the north and east winds, and commanding beautiful views. It was built expressly for the present proprietor, is carefully and judiciously planned, and contains spacious accommodation with every modern convenience. Surrounding the house is a capital ornamental garden of nearly an acre, with a frontage of about 150ft. to the road. The property will be sold with possession.—Particulars may be obtained at the Mart; and of Messrs. Ringham, West, King, Adams, and Co., solicitors, 66, Cannon-street; and of the Auctioneers, 22, Chancery-lane.

**S**URREY.—Ashtead-park Estate.—A princely Residential Property, comprising a magnificently-timbered deer park of nearly 200 acres, enclosed by a massive brick wall. It is situate about midway between Epsom and Leatherhead, in this lovely and delightful residential home county, 17 miles from London, a short distance from Ashtead Station, on the London and South-Western and London and Brighton Railways, being within half an hour's journey of Waterloo, Victoria, and London-bridge Terminus. The mansion is a very substantial and uniform structure of white brick, with stone dressings, and is approached from the Dorking high road by two lodges. It occupies a moderate elevation, and commands extensive views of the rich home scenery of the park and the finely-wooded and picturesque country around, and contains a noble suite of reception rooms, comprising entrance and inner halls, dining room, drawing room, library, smoking room, &c., with numerous principal and secondary bed rooms, massive lofty groined arches, forming the basement, in which are servants' apartments and offices of every description. The stabling, which is unusually good, affords accommodation for a very large stud of horses, with numerous coach-houses and commodious coachmen's and grooms' quarters. There is an Italian garden, extensive shaded walks, walled-in kitchen gardens, ranges of vineeries, orchard house, plant and stove houses, pinnacles, melon and cucumber pits; also head gardener's house and buildif's lodge. The venerable parish church of Ashtead stands within the park, being an interesting feature among the many varied aspects the estate possesses. The lands comprising the home farm almost encircle the park, forming an excellent outer boundary to the estate, which embraces a total area of 634a. 2r. 31p., chiefly pasture and arable of excellent quality and highly productive, with a superior farm-house and extensive farm-buildings adjoining.

**C**HINNOCK, GALSWORTHY and CHINNOCK are instructed (by order of the Trustees of the late General Bagot) to SELL by AUCTION, at the Auction Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C., on MONDAY, June 23, at TWO o'clock precisely, the above-named highly valuable and truly important FREEHOLD ESTATE, in One Lot.

**S**URREY.—Ashtead Estates, outlying portions, comprising about 3,500 acres, all freehold, situated in the parishes of Ashtead, Leatherhead, Epsom, Headley, and Walton-on-the-Hill, 17 miles from London: consisting of several farms, with good homesteads, building and accommodation lands, villa residences, numerous cottages and gardens, orchards, shops, allotments, the Leg of Mutton Inn, &c., embracing nearly the whole of the village of Ashtead; the valuable Manors of Ashtead and Headley, the Advowsons and Perpetual Right of Presentation to the Rectories of Ashtead and Headley, sporting rights, &c.

**C**HINNOCK, GALSWORTHY and CHINNOCK are instructed (by order of the Trustees under the will of the late General Bagot) to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C., on MONDAY, June 23, at TWO o'clock precisely, the above truly valuable FREEHOLD ESTATES, in 55 lots, as under:

Lot 2. The Advowson and Perpetual Right of Presentation to the Rectory of Ashtead, with residence and glebe land, value £600 per annum.

Lot 3. A delightful Residential Estate, known as Street Carr, situate close to and overlooking the park, with extensive frontages to the main Dorking road, embracing an area of about 108 acres of excellent land, all old pasture, beautifully timbered, with good house, buildings, and six cottages. This lot, from its picturesque appearance, presents an unusually good opportunity for the acquirement of a charming site for the erection of a first-class residence, or is well adapted for subdivision into plots for villa residences.

Lot 4. A compact Villa Residence, known as Forest-lodge, containing good family accommodation, with convenient outbuildings, gardens, and paddocks, in all about 15 acres. Let on lease, expiring 1884; estimated rental value £120 per annum.

Lot 5. Woodfield Farm, containing about 157 acres of rich arable

## CONTINUATION OF AUCTIONS, &amp;c.

adjoining the estate of Robert Cunliffe, Esq., and containing 59a. 0r. 21p., chiefly with possession.

Lot 41. A most desirable Property, ripe for immediate building operations, adjoining the last lot, having a long frontage to the main Dorking-road, with a convenient farm homestead, and containing 149a. 3r. 2p., chiefly with possession.

Lot 42. Newton Wood, containing about 104 acres, nicely timbered, lying on the north of the property, with a southern aspect, in hand; also Two Cottages, let to T. and J. Warwick, at £1 per annum. This lot offers a fine site for the erection of a mansion.

Lot 43. The imp'rant Manor of Ashtead, comprising about 529 acres of common and waste lands; also the Forest of Ashtead, with all rights, royalties, quit rents, fines, heriots, and other emoluments thereto belonging, with the exclusive right of sporting thereon.

Lot 44. A valuable Estate, situate abutting on Langley Bottom-road and Epsom Downs, containing 67a. 2r. 7p., suitable for the erection of a gentleman's residence or for a training establishment.

Lot 45. Headley-court Farm and Nower Wood, comprising about 530 acres of arable, pasture, and wood land, with the old manor-house, farm-buildings, and four cottages; the farm let on lease, the wood in hand, with an actual and estimated income of £460 per annum.

Lots 46 and 47. An enclosure of Accommodation Land, fronting Tilly-lane, and adjoining the park of Headley-house, let with lot 45, and a cottage and blacksmith's shop in Headley, let to C. George. Total rental £41 per annum.

Lot 48. Hyde Farm, Headley, with farm-house, buildings, seven cottages, and accommodation land, in all 276 acres. Total rental £257 5s. per annum.

Lots 49 to 53. A Cottage and Garden, fronting Church-lane, Headley, let to Mr. G. Wright at £12 per annum; a Pair of Cottages adjoining Heath-house, Headley, producing £10 15s.; Accommodation Land, forming part of lawn of Heath-house, about one acre, let at £7 10s.; Accommodation Land, forming part of lawn of Rose-cottage, Headley, and a cottage adjoining, let at £7 10s.; and Wood-cottage and paddock, about 1½ acre, let at £10 10s. per annum.

Lot 54. Heath Farm, Costal Wood and Hook Wood, Headley, with farmhouse, buildings, and cottage, in all about 232 acres. The farm lands are let chiefly on a yearly tenancy, the woods in hand. Total rental £145 10s. per annum.

Lot 55. The Advowson and Perpetual Right of Presentation to the Rectory of Headley with residence and glebe land; gross value £314 per annum.

Lot 56. The valuable Manor of Headley, comprising about 488 acres of common lands, with all rights, royalties, rents, fines, and emoluments thereto belonging, with the exclusive right of sporting thereon.

May be viewed by cards only to be obtained of the Auctioneers, and particulars, with plans (price 2s. 6d.) obtained of W. H. Dunster, Esq., Solicitor, 1, Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, W.; of Messrs. Fladgate, Smith, and Fladgate, Solicitors, 40, Craven-street, Strand; of C. E. Ormerod, Esq., Resident Agent, Ashstead, Surrey; of Mr. Stephen W. Williams, Land Agent, Rhyader, Radnorshire; at the Mart; and of Messrs. Chinnoch and Co., Land Agents and Surveyors, No. 11, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, London, S.W.

SUNBURY-ON-THAMES.—A desirable FREEHOLD PROPERTY, known as Riverdale, pleasantly situate in French-street, near the river, about half-a-mile from Kempton-park, within an easy drive of Epsom, Ascot, and Sandown-park, 1½ miles from Sunbury Railway Station, and within 16 miles of the Metropolis. It comprises a detached residence, containing eight bed and dressing rooms, porch and entrance hall, bay dining room, 17ft. by 16ft. 6in., bay drawing room 27ft. by 13ft., housekeeper's room, kitchen, scullery, and other conveniences, with greenhouse and lawn, flower and kitchen garden of about an acre, with some ornamental trees. Also a Cottage, containing five rooms, and a large building now used as a coach-house and stable for three horses, which will form a separate lot. With possession.

MESSRS. NORTON, TRIST, WATNEY, and Co., are instructed to offer the above for SALE, at the Mart, London, on FRIDAY, July 11, at TWO o'clock precisely, in two lots, unless previously disposed of by private contract. Particulars of Messrs. Fairfoot and Webb, solicitors, Clement's-inn, Strand; of the Auctioneers, 62, Old Broad-street, London, E.C.

SEETHING, Mundham St. Peter, Sizeland, Thurton, Bergh-Apton, Chedgrave, and Norton, and comprises numerous farms, in the hands of first-class yearly tenants, interspersed with game coverts and plantations, besides numerous cottages and smaller occupations, containing altogether about 3,000 acres, commanding a rental of about £5,000 per annum, exclusive of the mansion and sporting; and, in addition, are the valuable Manors of Seething, Dickleburgh, and Manclarkes, and the Manor of Kirtstead Mymetts, with their arbitrary fines over nearly 500 acres and the annual quit rents.

MESSRS. NORTON, TRIST, WATNEY, and Co. will offer by AUCTION, at the Mart, London, in the month of June next, in one or more lots, as may hereafter be determined, the above briefly-described, important ESTATE. Brooke-house Mansion is now in hand, and the purchaser can have immediate possession, as well as the advantage of acquiring the furniture and effects by valuation, and the purchaser could also have the sporting for the ensuing season. The mansion may be viewed by orders only, to be obtained of the Auctioneers and the Solicitors; and the estate on application to the resident Steward (whose postal address is Kirkstead, Norwich) and when the survey is completed particulars, with plan and views, may be obtained of Messrs. Blake, Keith, and Blake, Solicitors, the Chantry, Norwich; of Messrs. Blake and Heseltine, Solicitors, 4, Serjeants'-inn, Fleet-street, London; and of Messrs. Norton, Trist, Watney, and Co., 62, Old Broad-street, London.

NORFOLK.—Desirable Agricultural Properties, part freehold and part copyhold, situate in the parish of Seething, and immediately adjoining the Brooke Estate (described in the above advertisement), and of great importance as an addition thereto, comprising an excellent corn-growing farm, containing altogether 280a. 2r. 7p. of arable and pasture land, well suited to the requirements of the present system of agriculture, and the pasture land being of very rich quality. In the occupation of Mr. Charles Race, who will leave at Michaelmas next, from which date it has been let to a good tenant at an increased rent. Also about 30 acres of arable and pasture land, adjoining the above, and let to Mr. C. Race.

MESSRS. NORTON, TRIST, WATNEY, and Co. will offer by AUCTION, at the Mart, in the month of June next, in one or more lots, as may hereafter be determined, the above described, important ESTATE. Brooke-house Mansion is now in hand, and the purchaser can have immediate possession, as well as the advantage of acquiring the furniture and effects by valuation, and the purchaser could also have the sporting for the ensuing season. The mansion may be viewed by orders only, to be obtained of the Auctioneers and the Solicitors; and the estate on application to the resident Steward (whose postal address is Kirkstead, Norwich) and when the survey is completed particulars, with plan and views, may be obtained of Messrs. Blake, Keith, and Blake, Solicitors, the Chantry, Norwich; of Messrs. Blake and Heseltine, Solicitors, 4, Serjeants'-inn, Fleet-street, London; and of Messrs. Norton, Trist, Watney, and Co., 62, Old Broad-street, London.

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EWELL, Surrey.—Park Farm.—A valuable Freehold Property, tithe free and land-tax redeemed, situate commanding a view of Epsom Downs, half-a-mile from Ewell Station on the South-Western Railway, by which the City and West-end are reached in about half-an-hour. It consists of a comfortable house, with stabling, coach-house, barns, and buildings, several cottages, large garden, orchard, and arable and meadow land, possessing an important frontage of 1,500ft. available for building. The property comprises 40 acres, principally meadow, and suitable for a breeding establishment of racehorses. Also seven cottages producing £57 per annum.

MESSRS. NORTON, TRIST, WATNEY, and Co. are instructed to offer the above for SALE, at the Mart, London, on FRIDAY, July 11, at TWO o'clock precisely, in two Lots (unless previously disposed of by private contract). Particulars of Messrs. Fairfoot and Webb, solicitors, Clement's-inn, Strand; of the Auctioneers, 62, Old Broad-street, London, E.C.

SUSSEX.—For absolute Sale, subject to a very low reserve.—In the parish of Twineham, about four miles from Henfield Station, five and seven miles respectively from Burgess-Hill and Hayward's Heath Stations, and 12 miles from Brighton.—An attractive, Freehold Residential Estate, known as Twineham-court, comprising a substantial modern residence, charmingly placed on high ground, commanding fine panoramic views, and containing eight bed rooms, large banqueting hall, with billiard room and galleries, dining room about 27ft. by 16ft., drawing room about 27ft. by 16ft. morning room, and good domestic offices; stabling for six horses, coach-houses, lofts, granary, yards, sheds, barn, cart-horse stable for five horses, bailiff's house, two cottages, lodge entrance, and tastefully disposed gardens. The estate lies within a ring fence, and comprises in all about 98 acres of sound and productive pasture and arable land; it is park-like, handsomely timbered, well watered and drained, and has long frontages to two good roads. The South Down and Crawley and Horsham foxhounds hunt the district, and shooting may be obtained. Possession will be given on completion of the purchase.

MESSRS. DEBENHAM, TEWSON, and FARMER are instructed to SELL, at the Mart, on TUESDAY, July 1, at 2, subject to a very low reserve price, unless previously disposed of by private contract, the above described very desirable FREEHOLD ESTATE. Particulars are being prepared, and may shortly be obtained at 80, Cheapside, E.C.

EPSOM, Surrey.—By order of the Devises of the late Robert Carter, Esq., who was in the occupation of the estate for about 32 years. The capital detached country house known as The Grove, with lodge, gardener's cottage, stabling for six horses, farm buildings, gardens, grounds, glasshouses, and undulating well-wooded lands, in all about 12a. 3r. 18p. Fifteen bed chambers, three dressing rooms, outer and inner halls, stone staircase, second staircase, drawing, dining, and breakfast rooms of large dimensions, full-sized billiard room and offices. The property is of freehold tenure and admirably adapted for a sportsman or for any gentleman requiring a country house, within easy reach of first-class railway stations and with the advantage of contiguity to a good town, but the lands are especially available for subdivision for building purposes and the creation of ground rents, as they abut upon three thoroughfares, and one within a short distance of the High-street. With possession.

MESSRS. DEBENHAM, TEWSON, and FARMER will SELL the above at the Mart on TUESDAY, July 1, at TWO.—Particulars and plans of Messrs. Muller, Smith, & Bell, 3 Salters' Hall-court; of Theodore Bell, Esq., Solicitor, Epsom; and of the Auctioneers, 80, Cheapside.

IRELAND.—To be LET, on reasonable terms, the exclusive right of shooting over 23,000 acres, and the FISHING of three large rivers, on the estate of the Earl of Kinmarie, in the barony of Bally and county of Cork, comprising good grouse, woodcock, snipe, and fair partridge and wildfowl shooting. There is a small comfortable lodge, with a few acres of land on the estate. The Glenarriff hotels quite near, and a railway station within ten miles.—For further particulars apply to S. M. Hussey, Esq., Edelburn, Gortalea, co. Kerry.

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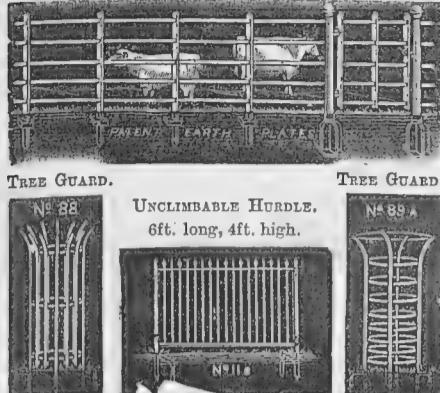
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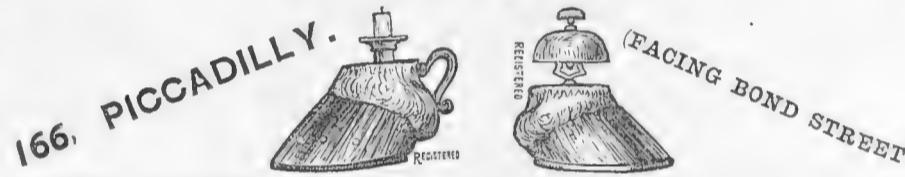
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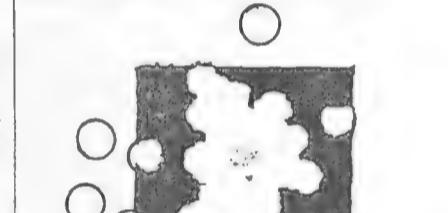
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## HORSE AUCTIONS.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL'S

THURSDAY'S SALES

HAVE COMMENCED FOR THE SEASON.

## SEVENTH ANNUAL SALE.

**T**o be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on MONDAY, May the 26th, 1879 (Monday before the Derby), the following HORSES, the property of James Hornsby, Esq., of Grantham. Will stand in the 16-stall stable, and his sale will commence about Two o'clock with Lot 107—

107. HAVOCK, brown hunter or lady's hack, 15-3, up to 12 stones, by Odd Trick, dam Lady Tichborne (winner of four prizes), a good jumper and fast, quiet to ride, and carries a lady; bred by owner.

108. HILIOOTROPE, brown hack hunter, 15-2, up to 13 stones, a good hack and a very fine jumper, has been hunted by Mrs. Hornsby. Quiet to ride and drive.

109. HARDWARE, brown cob, 15-2, up to 18 stones, first prize-winner, a good hack hunter, very clever and temperate, a good umber, quiet to ride and drive, and ridden by owner.

110. HERCULES, bay cob, 15-2, up to 18 stones, a good hack, good jumper, quiet to ride and drive, and ridden by owner.

111. HEROIC, bay harness horse, 15h., with very fine high action, quiet to ride.

112. HART, bay harness horse, 15h., with very fine high action, a good hack.

Heroic and Hart are a good match, and have been regularly driven together by Mrs. Hornsby.

113. HIGHLANDER, bay hack, 15h., up to 14 stones, with fine action, quiet to ride and drive, has been ridden covert hack by Mrs. Hornsby, winner of first prize in hack class, at Newark Show, May, 1879, beating 16 competitors. Highlander has been driven with Hart.

114. HANDWRITING, dark chestnut park hack, 15h., with fine action, winner of three hack prizes, and one jumping prize, and carries a lady, has been ridden by Mrs. Hornsby. Handwriting has been driven with Hart.

115. HAUGHTY, black park or covert hack, 15h., with fine action, a very good jumper, and carries a lady, was broken to harness when three years old, winner of second prize in hack class, Newark Show, May, 1879.

116. HIGH DEVON, brown hack, 14-3, winner of three hack prizes, and one prize in harness, quiet to a lady to ride or drive, and temperate with hounds, for children to ride.

117. HANDSOME BELLE, brown hack, 14-2, by Idler, with fine action, quiet to ride and drive, a good jumper, very fast in harness, and carries a lady.

118. HASTAWAY, brown cob, 14-2, up to 16 stones, winner of prize in harness; also beat Big Tom of Lincoln in harness for £50, 15 miles on the Newark-road; time 58min 40sec; a good hack, and quiet to ride.

119. HERMIT, brown cob, 14-2, up to 14 stones, a good hack, with good action, quiet and temperate to ride and drive.

120. HIGHLOWN, roan cob, 14-2, up to 16 stones, a good hack, with good action, quiet, and temperate to ride and drive, winner of first prize in harness and second in saddle class at Newark Show, 1879.

Hermit and Highlow have been driven together.

121. HIND, brown cob, 14-1, up to weight with good action, very temperate, quiet to ride and drive, and carries a lady, was regularly ridden and driven by a lady last summer.

122. HYPERION, chestnut cob, 14h., up to 15 stones, with good action, a good jumper, winner of first prize in weight-carrying cob class, beating 23 competitors, quiet to ride and drive.

HOP-PICKER, bay hunter, 16-2, up to 18 stones, clever and big jumper, quiet to ride and drive, ridden by owner.

HAMMOCK, chestnut hunter, 15-3, up to 16 stones, very clever and temperate, will lead over fences, with good action, quiet to ride and drive, and ridden by owner.

HAWSER, brown harness horse, 15-3, with good action, quiet to ride and drive.

Hammock and Hawser have been driven together.

HOPBINE, brown horse, 15-2, up to 13 stones, good jumper, temperate with hounds, quiet to ride and drive, with good action.

Hopbine has been driven with Hawser and Hammock. The property of R. W. Hornsby, Esq., of Grantham:

CETWAYO, black gelding, 7 years, up to 14 stones, good fencer and fast, with good action, and temperate with hounds.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL SALE OF THE WARREN STUD YEARLINGS.

**T**o be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at the WARREN STUD FARM, Epsom Downs, on SATURDAY, May 31, 1879, at ONE o'clock (being the Saturday in the Derby week), without reserve, the following YEARLINGS, the property of Mr. B. Ellam.

1. BAY COLT by Ethus out of Victress, by Lambton out of a Scroggins mare (dam of Raunds), her dam Miss Eliza by Humphrey Clinker (foaled April 18).

2. BAY FILLY by Ethus out of Ceybele (dam of Horsham, Salisbury, &c.), by Marsyas out of Kate (winner of 1,000 Guineas), by Auckland out of Gipsy Queen by Dr. Syntax (foaled May 9).

3. BAY FILLY by Van Amburgh out of Hopeful Duchess (own sister to Brown Duchess, winner of the Oaks), by the Flying Dutchman out of Espoir by Liverpool (foaled March 22).

4. CHESTNUT COLT by Van Amburgh out of Heath of Atholstone, by Ethus out of Temptation by Stockwell.

5. BAY FILLY by Scottish Chief or Ethus out of Lady Annie by Knowles out of Edith, dam of Lord Ronald and Lady Ronald, by Newminster (foaled May 9th).

6. BAY COLT by Ethus out of Queen of the Forest by Athos out of The Chase (Robin Hood's dam) by Venison (foaled April 25).

7. BAY COLT by Speculum out of Odine (sister to Fille de l'Air and dam of Furley Enido, &c., by Fitz Gladiator out of Pauline by Volcano (foaled April 18).

8. CHESTNUT COLT by Van Amburgh out of Soulagement by Ethus out of Tormentor (winner of the Oaks) by King Tom out of Tormentor (foaled March 8).

9. CHESTNUT COLT by King of the Forest out of Tormentor (winner of the Oaks) by King Tom out of Tormentor by Alarm (foaled April 17).

10. BAY COLT by Scottish Chief out of Maid of Perth by Blair Athol out of Sweet Pea by Touchstone (foaled May 13).

11. BAY COLT by Ethus out of Tomfoolery (dam of Tomfool, Ptarmigan, &c.) by King Tom out of Skit by Orlando (foaled January 26).

12. CHESTNUT COLT by Ethus out of Mandane (own sister to Gladiator) by Monarque, out of Miss Gladiator by Gladiator (foaled February 27).

13. BROWN COLT by Speculum out of Queen Esther by Stockwell out of Hepatica by Voltigeur (foaled April 23).

14. BAY COLT by Saunterer out of Blonde by Dundee out of Blanche of Middlebie by Melbourne out of Phryne by Touchstone (foaled April 23).

15. BROWN FILLY by Sylla out of Bonnie Doon (sister to Clanronald) by Blair Athol out of Isilia by Newminster (foaled February 19).

16. CHESTNUT COLT by Ethus out of Gladness (dam of Rouge Bonnet, My Delight, &c.), by

Carnival out of Marsaillaise, by Bay Middleton out of Triangle (sister to Pyrrhus the First), by Epirus (foaled April 17).

17. BAY FILLY by Speculum out of Persuasion (winner of the Portland Plate, and dam of Emilius, Miss Ethus, &c.), by the Cure out of Diphthong, by Emilius out of Opelia, by Bedlamite (foaled May 1).

18. BROWN COLT by Ethus out of Miss Adelaide (dam of Westland, Our Emily, and other winners).

19. BROWN COLT by Ethus out of Belle of Ewhurst, by The Sharper out of Miss Adelaide (Westland's dam).

20. BAY FILLY by Ethus out of Princess, by King Tom, out of Mrs. Lincoln by North Lincoln, her dam (King Alfred's dam), by Bay Middleton (foaled April 18).

21. CHESTNUT COLT by War out of Temptation, by Stockwell, her dam Sister of Mercy by Melburne out of Frey, by Romulus.

22. CHESTNUT COLT by Ethus out of Maid of Kent (own sister to Etham), by Marsyas out of Butterfly by Knight of the Whistle (foaled February 14).

All yearlings purchased at Mr. Ellam's sale can remain one week free of charge.

Also, the following Horses in Training, with their Engagements.

34. LADY ALICIA 3 yrs old by Ethus or Van Amburgh, out of Tormentor (winner of the Oaks) by King Tom.

35. LIONESS a bay filly 2 yrs old by Van Amburgh out of Baroness (Marshal Scott's dam) by Young Melbourne.

36. VAN TROMP a bay colt 2 yrs old by Van Amburgh out of Persuasion (winner of the Portland Plate, and dam of Emilius and Miss Ethus) by The Cure.

37. MISS JAMIRACH 2 yrs old by Van Amburgh out of Queen Esther by Stockwell out of Hepatica by Voltigeur.

38. CHESTNUT FILLY 2 yrs old by Sylla out of Scottish Queen (winner of 1,000) by Blair Athol, her dam Edith by Newminster.

The above are all believed to be quite sound.

SECOND ANNUAL UNRESERVED SALE OF YEARLINGS BELONGING TO THE MARDEN DEER PARK STUD.

**T**o be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at MARDEN DEER PARK, CATERHAM, SURREY, on SATURDAY, June 7, 1879 (the Saturday before Ascot), at Two o'clock precisely.

Marden Deer Park is seventeen miles from London; about one mile from Warlingham Station, S.E.R., where there will be dry waiting.

There are numerous trains from Charing Cross and London Bridge, and on the day of the sale a special train will be run, leaving Charing Cross at 11.30, and London Bridge at 11.35, arriving at Warlingham at 12.15, and will return after the sale, leaving Warlingham at 5.30, and arriving at London Bridge about 6.15 and Charing Cross at 6.20.

Plenty of protection will be provided in case of rain.

Purchasers of any of the Marden Deer Park Stud's Yearlings can arrange to leave them at Marden up till Sept. 29, on moderate terms,

1. BAY FILLY by Asteroid out of Fatality by Orest her dam Linda by Teddington, granddam by The Tulip out of Tintoretto by Rubens (foaled March 10).

2. BROWN FILLY by Boiard out of Néméa (dam of Balagny, Némé, &c.) by Fitz-Gladiator out of Countess (dam of Mortemer) (foaled April 20).

3. BAY FILLY by Macgregor out of Green Gown (dam of Yellow Gown, &c.) by Solon, her dam Togger by De Ruyter out of Farthingale by Cotherstone (foaled May 11).

4. CHESTNUT COLT by Flageolet out of Feu de Joli (winner of the Oaks, and the dam of Allumette, Zaccus, Hallate, &c.), her dam Jeu d'Esprit by Flatcatcher out of Extempore by Emilius (foaled May 7).

5. BAY COLT by Vedette out of Child of the Mist by Lord Clifden, her dam Maid of the Mist by the Flying Dutchman out of Cossack Maid by Hetman Platoff (foaled Feb. 14, first foal).

6. BAY COLT by Carnival out of Miss Bell by Stockwell, her dam Bessie Bell by Tanchstone out of Marion by St. Martin out of Alice Hawthorn's dam (foaled March 29).

7. BAY FILLY by Blair Athol out of Nelly Moore by Voltigeur out of Fickle by Dundee—Changeable by Weatherbit—Miss Aldcroft by Ratan (foaled March 3).

8. CHESTNUT COLT by Mortemer out of Fille du Ciel (sister to Reine, winner of the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks, 1872), by Monarque out of Fille de l'Air (winner of the Oaks, 1864) by Faugh-a-Ballagh (foaled April 7).

9. CHESTNUT COLT by Carnival out of Thriftless by Adventurer, her dam Thrift by Stockwell, granddam Braxey by Moss Trooper out of Queen Mary (Blink Bonny's dam) (foaled April 11).

10. BAY COLT by Scottish Chief out of Cassidie (dam of Charnwood, Bradgate, Caledonia, &c.) by Orlando, her dam Himalaya by Bay Middleton out of Moodie by Venison (foaled April 30).

11. BAY FILLY by George Frederick out of North Star by Adventurer, her dam Charlotte Russe by Fazzoletto out of Olga by Charles XII.—Fair Helen by Puntaloon—Alice Hawthorn's dam (foaled March 31, first foal).

12. CHESTNUT FILLY by Adventurer out of Bianca by Weatherbit, her dam Kate (winner of the One Thousand Guineas) by Auckland out of the Gipsy Queen by Dr. Syntax (foaled April 12.)

13. BAY FILLY by Mortemer out of Poudrière (winner of the Mottisfont, the Troy, &c.) by Monarque out of Duchess of Newcastle by Mewcastle, her dam Capucine by Cow (foaled May 7, first foal).

14. CHESTNUT COLT by The Miner out of Glee Maiden by Marsyas, her dam Elspeth by Birdcatcher out of Blue Bonnet (winner of the St. Leger) by Touchstone (foaled April 5).

15. BAY COLT by Scottish Chief out of Lady Valentine (dam of Cambyses, King Val, &c.) by Sedbury, her dam Weatherbit, granddam St. Anne by St. Francis out of Virago (foaled Jan. 30).

16. BAY COLT by Mortemer out of Confidence (winner of the Rutland and many other races) by Monarque out of Cremorne by Wild Dayrell, her dam Banshee by The Ugly Buck (foaled April 12—first foal).

17. BLACK FILLY by Cremorne out of Eakring (winner of many races and dam of Old Fashion) by Skirmisher, her dam (h b) by Melbourne (foaled Jan. 19).

18. BAY FILLY by Sterling out of Carine (dam of Caro, Carees, Brown Bess, &c.) by Stockwell, her dam Mayonnaise (winner of the One Thousand Guineas) by Teddington out of Picnic by Glauces (foaled March 10).

19. BROWN COLT by King o' Scots out of Tragedy (dam of Romatine, Comedy, Macready, Roscius, &c.) by Glenmason, her dam Mystery by Jerry out of Nameless by Emilius (foaled Feb. 11).

20. BAY COLT by George Frederick out of Agnes de Mansfield by Weatherbit, her dam Little Agnes by The Cure out of Miss Agnes by Birdcatcher (foaled Feb. 8).

21. CHESTNUT COLT by Flageolet out of Rose of Athol (winner of the Great Yorkshire Stakes) by Blair Athol, her dam Violet by Voltigeur out of Garland by Langar out of Cast Steel by Whisker (foaled Jan. 30).

22. BAY FILLY (sister to K.G.) by Knight of the Garter out of Manie (dam of The Rutland, Kelchburne, Hardwick, and K.G.) by De Clare, her dam Kitten by Foxberry out of Valeria by Carew (foaled Jan. 30).

23. CHESTNUT FILLY by Citadel out of Donna del Lago (dam of Helvellyn, Ladoga, Rhodocer Dhu, Lord Lincoln, &c.) by Lord of the Isles, her dam Shot (Marksman's dam) by Birdcatcher out of Wasp by Muley Moloch (foaled Feb. 25).

24. BAY COLT by Wild Oats out of Cornelia (dam of Lord Stafford and Bonnie Marden) by Beadsman, her dam Plunder (dam of Lord Clive) by Buccaneer out of Sister to Egis—Andover's dam (foaled March 9).

25. BAY COLT by Thunderer out of N.B. by Dundee, her dam Irish Point (sister to Dalby) by Daniel O'Rourke, granddam by Cow (foaled March 10). Thunderer is by Thunderbolt out of Homily by Surplice.

26. BAY FILLY by Dutch Skater out of Ribbon (dam of Harmless, &c.) by Rataplan, her dam Lady Alicia by Melbourne out of Testy by Venison (foaled Feb. 10).

27. BAY FILLY by Caterer out of Melanie by Y. Melbourne, granddam Lady Ann by Touchstone out of Susan by Elis—Tesany by Whisker (foaled March 25, first foal).

The following TWENTY-TWO YEARLINGS will also be sold on the same day at Marden Deer Park.

The property of Mr. Caledon D. Alexander.

BLACK COLT by Sylla out of Sister Mary by Ellington (dam of Kentford, Marius, Janus, Mariosc, &c.), her dam Hersy by Glaucus out of Hester by Camel.

BAY FILLY by Henry out of Shatemue by Thunderbolt, her dam Potomac by Newminster out of Tasmania by Melbourne.

BAY FILLY by Costa out of Mischief by Knight of Kars, her dam Donna by Hetman Platoff out of Otsina by Liverpool.

CHESTNUT FILLY by Thunderbolt out of La Belle Jeanne (dam of Thunderstone, Janet, &c.).

CHESTNUT COLT by Thunderbolt out of The Orphan by Typhocles, her dam by Orlando out of Torment (sister to Laura).

BAY COLT by Thunderbolt out of Hubbub (dam of Explosion) by Comotion, her dam Miss Harkaway.

BAY FILLY by Speculum out of Maypole by Skirmisher, her dam May Morning by Chanticleer.</

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which will, however, show to better advantage over the dead flats of York and Doncaster. Besides, we never yet knew such a confirmed "stargazer" as Rayon d'Or develop into a real stayer, and it cannot be said of him that he has improved since his two-year-old days. He may struggle up fifth or sixth in the Derby, but nothing would surprise us more than to see Tom Jennings leading him home a winner, startling as are the surprises he has effected, oftentimes with apparently very moderate cattle.

Caxtonian, by Sterling out of Countess Agnes, by Wild Dayrell from Miss Agnes by Birdcatcher, her dam the renowned "Agnes" by Clarion, is a natty brown colt, with great power in a small compass, and with level easy action well suited to the Surrey ups and downs. The Newmarket people are particularly impressed with his chances, and his trainer is also said to be very confident; but after the collapse of Discord we can afford to disregard the unaccountable fondness of his friends for this handsome little nag, whose form is but second-class at best, though we are ready to admit he may have improved with age. We should all rejoice to see Lord Anglesey the owner of a Derby winner, but we fear he will have to wait for the possession of a representative with more size and scope than Caxtonian, who may turn out an indifferent stayer after all, despite the reports of touts and tipsters to the contrary.

Blue Blood, by King Tom out of Marigold, by Teddington out of sister to Singapore by Ratan, is a "slashing" big chestnut colt, with rather a heavy forehand, and not the best of hocks, while he is altogether overtopped, and apparently not cut out for the tough business set him at Epsom next week, where handiness and dash are invariably well served. He is nothing like so truly made a colt as his half-brother Doncaster, and on a larger scale, which is nothing in his favour for the Derby, however much size and length of stride may be served over the St. Leger course. Lately Blue Blood has been rattled along in his work, and will strip much better in Surrey than in Suffolk, but his relationship to that terrible duffer, All Heart, is no recommendation, and in addition we are of opinion that Captain Machell's horse will not be quite "cherry merry" by the day. On the score of breeding there is very little fault to be found with Blue Blood, and he is sure to attract plenty of attention in the paddock before the race, whatever may be his fate in the actual encounter.

Ruperra, by Adventurer out of Lady Morgan, by Thormanby from Morgan la Faye by Cowl, her dam Miami by Venison, is a chestnut colt, rather lathy looking and unfurnished, like many of his sire's get, and apparently a bad doer and consequently difficult to train. He was light and shelly enough when he came out at Ascot last year, but time, instead of serving him, seems to have had the opposite effect of still further reducing him, and he ran a weak, helpless horse in his latter races in 1878. In the early spring he seemed to revive and pick up a bit, only to be "pegged back" once more; and we fear he will strip light and void of muscle next week, an evil plight for a Derby horse, who should be full of muscular and nervous energy at that period of his life. Nothing can be better than his pedigree-table, and he has shown racing powers of so high an order that it is a thousand pities for so grandly-framed a colt to be seen at disadvantage.

Sir Bevys, by Favonius out of Lady Langden, by Kettledrum from Haricot, by Mango or Lanercost, her dam Queen Mary, is a dark brown colt, very compact and muscular, but, like his half brother, Hampton, wanting in length, though it may justly be urged that this defect did not stand in the way of Hampton's success in Cups and other races contested by the "best of all good company." The performances of Sir Bevys do not read very grand; in fact he cannot be placed very high in the second-class, but it must be borne in mind that Hampton was thought rather "small beer" of as a three-year-old, and accordingly hid his light under a bushel until after he changed hands. It is not likely that Hayhoe will fail to gauge Mr. Acton's horse pretty accurately, and it is in his favour that he is cut out for a give-and-take course. Of Gunnersbury we can only say that his shoulders and forelegs will be badly served by the Tattenham Corner gradients, and we fancy the big chestnut will show his best form up inclines like those at Ascot and Sandown, or on the Criterion Hill.

Marshall Scott, by Ethus out of Baroness, by Young Melbourne from the Jewess by Slane, her dam Mora by Bay Middleton, is a bay colt of nice size and length, though some judges have otherwise described him as a horse with two good ends and a bad middle piece. This defect in conformation might naturally be looked for in a descendant of Melbourne, that family being remarkable for exaggerated length and consequent slackness behind the saddle. Marshall Scott's running in the Two Thousand Guineas was much too bad to be true, and we shall expect to see Lord Dupplin's horse perform much more creditably at Epsom, though the course, both as regards length and gradients, will not suit him nearly so well as the Rowley Mile. Luke will probably carry the red and white on Wednesday next, but we hardly expect another Petrarch surprise.

Abbot of St. Mary's and Lansdown are horses much of the same style, build, and class, neither of the two being quite big enough to hold his own with longer striding horses, and though Hampton may be cited as a precedent for animals of this description being occasionally ripe and good stayers, it is but the exception which proves the rule, and we have no fancy for either. Uncas need not be regarded as dangerous, at any rate for the present, and George Albert will hardly emulate the Derby doughty deeds of either of his distinguished brothers, being cast in far less promising mould, while he has never shown the slightest indication of his ability to race, even in the most moderate of company. Saltador we have never set eyes on, but we do not dislike his pedigree, his dam having thrown at least one fair stayer, but on this occasion we do not apprehend danger from M. Fould's colt; while of Exeter, Whackum, and Indigo we know nothing, and Muley Edris must be considered only in the light of "galloper" to Charibert, whom, however, he may approach more nearly in the race than in the betting.

As we indite these remarks there is hardly the "toss up of a halfpenny" as regards claim to rank as the favourite, between Cadogan, Victor Chief, Falmouth, and Charibert,

though decidedly "fishy" symptoms have set in in connection with Lord Falmouth's first string, and though it amounts almost to heresy to give Muley Edris the preference over his more fancied stable companion, we are inclined to do so, though we doubt if either obtains recognition from Judge Clark. Having, then, somewhat unceremoniously, perhaps, disposed of Charibert's claims, we pass on to Falmouth, and we confess the more we consider his chance the less we like it, and we have gone fully into the grounds for our distrust, which may be briefly recapitulated here, as partly lack of truth in conformation and partly the existence of more than one soft and weak spot in his pedigree. We are left, therefore, with Victor Chief and Cadogan, and an absolute choice between this pair becomes more difficult, for the reason that we cannot pretend to conjecture as to the state of the ground on Wednesday week, a most important item in calculating the chances of the two horses to which we have presumed to narrow down the issue of the race. If the ground is hard and unyielding, then we incline to the chance of Cadogan, who will skim over the course like a swallow, and with less danger of feeling concussion than a heavier horse like Victor Chief, who will be more at home on a yielding surface, where strength and stride are bound to be served. Under the circumstances, therefore, we must decline to commit ourselves to a positive preference, especially having regard to the length of time between this and the race, and we must perforce take two strings to our bow in

VICTOR CHIEF and CADOGAN,

while of the outsiders we have most confidence in Ruperra coming to the rescue, believing that Mr. Houldsworth's colt has done really well since his last appearance in public.

The Oaks is so proverbially uncertain a race, and such marvellous turn-ups and take-downs have occurred on the Epsom Friday, that many owners of mares well known not to be possessed of an outside chance "on paper" have been content to start them on the off-chance—a policy in many cases crowned with success, owing to the frequent upsets and miscalculations engendered by candidates going amiss at the last moment. Up to within a few weeks ago the utmost danger seemed to threaten from the North, and it was not until Reconciliation had actually measured swords with Wheel of Fortune that followers of the Newmarket filly were put on good terms with themselves, it having been actually whispered that the hope of Malton had a fair chance of rivalling the feat of her illustrious predecessor on Langton Wold, the immortal Blink Bonny. Since the decision of the One Thousand Guineas, however, and the part played by Reconciliation in the Newmarket and Burwell Stakes, the conceit has been entirely taken out of believers in the ability of Mr. Bowes's filly to take the Oaks home to Malton, and very long odds are now on offer against the bearer of the black and gold jacket. In appearance Reconciliation is one of those really "magnificent" animals which attract attention at once; but she is not nearly so good as she looks, and it is whispered besides that she inherits the failing of her sire, the grand but noisy "Prince of the T. Y. C." Like Wheel of Fortune, Reconciliation is out of a Kingston mare, but she would seem to throw back to the Blair Athol instead of the Venison strain; while an exactly opposite condition prevails in the case of Lord Falmouth's unbeaten filly, who is a true daughter of Queen Bertha, and bears very little likeness to Adventurer, being less lengthy and angular than most of the Sheffield Lane sire's produce. Philippine, by Albert Victor out of Noyau, by Nutbourne, can also lay claim to inscribe the Kentish motto, "Invicta" upon her shield; but it must not be forgotten that she has flown at much smaller game than the pride of Heath House, though, on the other hand, no animal could have done all that was asked of her more handsomely than Mr. Barclay's filly. Last year she gave us the idea of lacking size and length, but we are credibly informed that she has grown and filled out during the recess; and it is a great credit to Albert Victor to have begotten racehorses of such high class as Victor Chief and Philippine during his first season at the stud. Among others likely to compose what now appears to be a forlorn hope on Friday week, we may perhaps reckon Devotee, one of Mr. Crawford's, Leap Year, Alice Lorraine, Linden, Maccaronea, Japonica (or one of Count Lagrange's), Ellangowan, Jessie Agnes, and Nellie Macgregor; while other outsiders may crop up at the last moment, and some dark candidates have been spoken of as likely to cut in, but we confess to very little confidence in their pretensions to upset Wheel of Fortune and Philippine, the only pair we regard as possessing the remotest chance of success. Between the magpie and the French grey jackets the choice is apparently an easy one, for it can be made out that Wheel of Fortune is quite at the top of the tree, while in the case of Philippine a good deal has to be taken for granted, in addition to the "highly respectable" character she has earned for herself in public. Moreover, we have seen the Wheel out this year, and in winning colours, so that it would be inconsistent to split our vote between the two, and we must therefore unhesitatingly plump for

WHEEL OF FORTUNE,

probably one of the best fillies of modern days, which have furnished such "bright examples" of worth as Hannah, Marie Stuart, Apology, and Jannette. AMPHION.

SOZODONT.—The peerless liquid Dentifrice; its use imparts the most fragrant breath; it beautifies, cleanses, and preserves the teeth in a surprising manner. It gives a delightfully fresh taste and feeling to the mouth, removing all Tartar and Scurf from the Teeth, completely arresting the progress of decay, and whitening such parts as have already become black by decay or neglect. Impure breath caused by Bad Teeth, Tobacco, Spirits, or catarrh is neutralised by Sozodont. The price of the Fragrant Sozodont is 3s. 6d., put up in large bottles, fitted with patent sprinklers for applying the liquid to the tooth-brush. Each bottle is enclosed in a handsome toilet box. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, and by JOHN M. RICHARDS, Great Russell-street, London. Observe the name Sozodont on the box, label, and bottle.—ADVT.

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES.—LAMPLUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism. Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—ADVT.

## CHESS.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROFESSOR G. M. (Eton College).—Your solutions of Problem 225 and 226 are correct.

B. S.—We thoroughly disapprove of the reference made, and the comparison instituted. Moreover the statement as to the matter of fact is wrong. Next week we intend to correct it.

H. F. PAUL (Gronnes and Ullrich), Chicago.—Your solution of Problem 225 is correct. We shall be very pleased to receive some specimens of your own composition; and meantime thank you for your good opinion, and your interesting news. We are glad to hear that our column is appreciated in Chicago.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 229, by J. G., G. R., and Senectus, are correct.

#### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 227.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to R 3	K to Kt 5 (a)
2. Q to B 4 (ch)	K moves
3. B mates.	
	(a)
1. ....	P takes B (b)
2. Q to K 7 (ch)	K to Q 4
3. Kt mates.	
	(b)
1. ....	K to Q 3
2. B takes B P	Kt takes B
3. Kt mates.	

#### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 228.

(Mr. Pearson's Puzzle.)

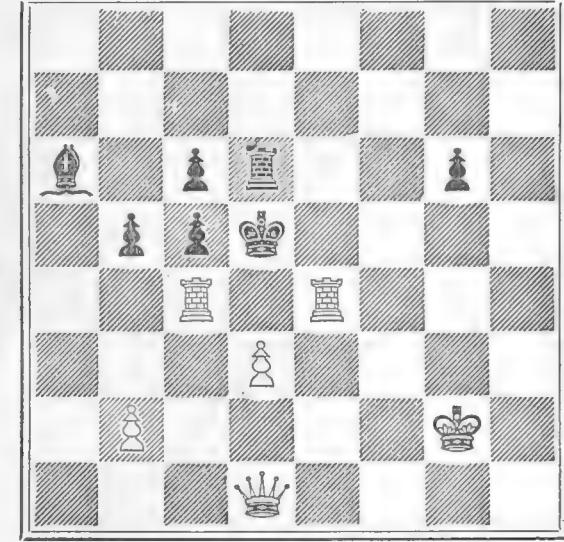
White's last move was Kt from B 7 to K 5, taking the P on that square; the mate is P takes P at K (*en passé*).

#### PROBLEM NO. 230.

By M. N. SARDOTCH.

(First prize in the Italian Tourney, 1878.)

BLACK.



White to play and mate in two moves.

THE two following games we publish in grateful memory of Mr. George Walker:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Popert.)	(G. Walker.)	(Popert.)	(G. Walker.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	13. B to Kt 5	Kt takes Kt (P)
2. Kt to K B 3	Q to Kt B 3	14. P takes Kt	Q takes Q
3. B to B 4	B to B 4	15. R takes Q	Q B takes Kt
4. P to B 3	Kt to B 3	16. Q R to K sq	B takes Kt
5. P to Q 4	P takes P	17. R takes B (ch)	K to Q 2
6. P to K 5 (a)	P to Q 4	18. B to Q sq (ch)	B to Q 3
7. P takes Kt (b)	P takes B	19. P to K R 4 (e)	P to K R 3
8. P takes P	R to Kt sq	20. P to K B 4	P to K B 3
9. Castles (c)	R takes P	21. K to B 2	P takes B
10. P takes P	Kt takes P	22. R P takes P	P takes P
11. Kt to B 3	B to K 3	23. P takes P	R takes P
12. Kt to K 4	B to Kt 5 (d)	24. R takes P	R to Kt 5 and wins.

(a) This is now considered inferior to P takes P.

(b) The proper move here is B to Kt 5.

(c) B to K Kt 5 is best, thus—

WHITE.	BLACK.
P to B 3	Q to K 2
Q to K 2 (ch)	Q takes Q (ch)
B takes P	P to Q 6 (ch)
K takes Q	B to K Kt 5 (ch)
K to Q sq	and Black's game is preferable.

(d) Well played; of course White cannot take the B.

(e) If R to Kt 4, Black must have won easily by B to K 2.

[Evans Gambit.]	
WHITE.	BLACK.
(G. Walker.)	(Perigal.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3
3. B to B 4	B to B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4	B takes Kt P
5. P to B 3	B to B 4
6. Castles	P to Q 3
7. P to Q 4	P takes P
8. P takes P	B to Kt 3
9. P to K R 3 (a)	Kt to B 3
10. P to K 5	P takes P
11. B to R 3	B takes P
12. Q to Kt 3	Q to Q 2
13. Kt to K 5	Kt to Q sq

(a) An obsolete move, to which, perhaps, the best reply is Kt to R 4.

(b) His game is bad, but this move hastened defeat; Q to B 2 would have enabled him to die with more dignity.

(c) White plays the whole of this game with great neatness, as well as vigour.

It is satisfactory to find that the annual competitive exhibitions originated by Messrs. Howell and James as a means of affording ladies a useful and remunerative occupation have achieved the success fairly due to so meritorious a purpose. The Queen has graciously intimated her approval of the undertaking by permitting the prize works to be submitted to Her Majesty's inspection; and new proofs of the interest which the project continues to awaken in Royal circles are furnished by the facts that the Crown Princess of Germany (Princess Royal of England) has presented a gold and a silver medal for this year's competition, the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein a silver badge of her own designing, and the Grand Duke of Hesse two silver and enamelled badges, specially designed by the Princess Alice during her last visit to England. Special prizes have also been offered by the Countess of Warwick and Lady Olive Guinness. No collection of paintings on china by lady amateurs and professional artists heretofore displayed in the art-pottery galleries of Messrs. Howell and James, in Regent-street, was equal to that now on view there.

SEVERAL of the leading sporting men of New York City and vicinity gave a complimentary dinner to Mr. Lorillard, in that city recently in honour of the victories of Parole in England.





A QUESTION ABOUT THE DERBY.

THE STORY OF ROBERT, SON OF  
EUDE,  
KNOWN AS ROBIN HOOD.

By A. H. WALL.

PART ONE.

SHOWING FROM WHAT MANNER OF MEN THE GOOD LORD ROBERT WAS DESCENDED.

CHAPTER V.

for ever I drede  
That you coude not sustain  
The thornen wynes, the deep ballens,  
The snow, the frost, the regn.  
No shetis clene, to lye betwene,  
Made of thred and thone,  
None other house, but lebys and bowes,  
To keber your bed and myn.

—The Nut-Brown Maid.

REVELLING in all the glories of its broom and brake, dense impenetrable thickets and groups of gigantic oak and elm trees, the Forest of Arden spread, in the days of our story, over a vast extent of hill and dale, touching the banks of the river Severn on the west, and on the north overshadowing the Trent. Penetrated by scarcely any roads, having comparatively few trackways, and a very small population, it abounded in all kinds of game, and supported huge herds of swine. Its woodland hills and castles, shut in by the leafy wilderness, stood on the hills solitary and apart, strongly built, and protected by broad, deep moats. A few little churches and religious houses stood here and there in the ancient groves by streams and purling brooks; and in the vicinity of these and the castles were the farms and cultivated lands, but otherwise Arden was abandoned to its native wildness, and was then largely what it was when Caesar, speaking of this, the heart of England, described it as "one great horrid forest."

Some of the manors it concealed were the property of the Montford family, many of them belonged to the Lord of Loxley, others were held by the Staffords, others by the Earl of Warwick, a few by the Mowbrays and the Beauchamps, one or two by representatives of an ancient Saxon family surnamed after the forest, Arden, one of whose female descendants gave birth to Shakespeare, and the remainder belonged, with some few exceptions, to the Bishop of Worcester.

Loxley Castle, erected on a steep, abruptly-rising hill, commanded an extensive view of the surrounding forest and country. Protected by a deep moat, lofty embattled walls of solid stone enclosed it, loop-holed in every direction for the archers' shafts, and having at each corner a strong tower, in which were stored the bows, bills, pikes, bucklers, and other weapons of defence. The great hall in which the chief and his retainers assembled stood within these walls in the midst of a stretch of green sward, the Castle green, which was partially overshadowed by some young oak trees—of which one hoary veteran, standing beside the village stocks, survives to this day. On the summit of the hill, sternly grim and defiant, arose the keep, entered through a door high up from the ground by the aid of a ladder. The women's bowers just beyond it were long, low, steep and high-roofed buildings of stone and timber divided into chambers, near where the flax and wool, for spinning and weaving, and the skins, for leather-making, were stored. A kitchen, or cooks' house, nestled at the foot of one of the outer walls, which its smoke had made hideously sooty and black, and near it were various rude out-buildings and sheds, the brew-house, the cattle yard, the stables, the sheds for carpenters and smiths, the store-houses, dog-kennels, and other domestic offices.

A black, iron beacon-grate, swung grimly by sooty chains from great beams on the top of the keep, was used for spreading an alarm by fire in time of general danger, and a great, harsh-toned bell beneath it gave alarm to the farmers and tenants when it was advisable that they with their women, children, cattle, and most valuable property, should seek the castle's protection. The little church, already mentioned, nestling in a hollow close beside the castle, was protected by a stout outer wall, and the priest's house stood beside it. Thence came the regular summons to matins, and there arose the solemn vesper hymns and prayers when the day was done. Food was taken in the great hall on plank-formed tables, which were put aside after each meal, when the lord and his family occupied a raised platform, or dais; at the upper end, facing the gallery, in which the minstrels played, while the rest were seated on the broad forms and benches, each according to degree and station.

Such was the home to which William Eude would fain have brought his bride. But he dared not, for dread of the King's anger, and that of her noble relatives. Hence his mysterious comings and goings, his long solitary rides, his frequent absence from Loxley, by day and night, often for weeks together, and hence many a mystery of earnest watch and ward to guard against some danger of which only the lord of the manor appeared to have knowledge.

Groups of picked men, well-armed and trustworthy, encircled a certain spot in the forest, some distance from Loxley, within which no strangers were to be admitted, why they knew not. Although peace had long been restored, spies were still sent out to ascertain if any armed bodies of men were moving in the neighbourhood, and they delivered their reports daily, either to the lord himself or to the priest, who was also, as was then customary, the steward, as regularly as they had during the long and cruel Civil War. The spot in the forest so strictly and strangely guarded was, in fact, that wherein the Lady Joanna and her child were safely concealed in a strange bower for one of her birth and breeding, a cavern low down under an artificial hill, raised of old in a shallow valley as a fortress against the

Romans. Concealed in a tangled mass of trees and bushes, and wild undergrowth, it was reached by one of those curious old covered ways which modern clearings have laid bare, a deeply-cut descending and narrow path, thickly overgrown with tangled bush and bramble, through which it was not easy to force a way. Many similar paths were at that time known to the inhabitants of Arden, through which bodies of the Loxley men had come and gone unseen in the troublous times of Stephen. But this was a recent and new discovery made by William himself, and kept secret for an emergency. With others, it still partially exists, and may be seen near Wixford Church, in the Stratford division of Warwickshire.

Hidden in these tangled wilds, far away from hearthstone or house-roof, Joanna would lie awake in the lonely darkness on her couch of fern and deer-skins when her husband was away, thinking and listening to the moaning wind and the sea-like noises of the leaves, full of melancholy fears and forebodings. Now and then the howl of a wolf made her shudder and look to the fastenings of the cavern's rudely-made and ingeniously concealed door; and at times the Saxon voices of men not far away above her head, outlaws or poachers, were even more terrible. Her only regular companion was the daughter of her lord's steward, a maiden named Alice, but the priest often visited her, and Eude spent every hour he could command in her arms. At the pre-arranged signal of his approach her poor wan face would brighten, and she would fly to welcome him with passionate kisses and tears of tender delight.

To wander with her lord in the flickering sun and shade, hearing the pleasant ripple of water running in the long grass at their feet, while the birds sung, the little red squirrels frisked through the boughs, pheasants whirred, and startled rabbits and hares flitted before them, was to forget all their peril and all the hardships she perforce endured. If she could only feel assured of his safety how happy they might be—the very birds on the boughs would not be more merry. She would not mind even if they ended their days in that very hiding-place. They would sing with the lark in the morning, sleep with the nightingale's music in their ears, eat of venison and wild fruits, drink of the clear brooks and streams. Their baby-boy should be their only care, and when winter came and the cavern was cold they would beguile the time with stories and the singing of good old ballads, and with talking of themselves and of their love, and of their child. When he grew up fresh joys would be theirs. She and the priest would train him in piety and learning, while her own darling Willie would make him strong and brave and well skilled in arms, that his unfailing shafts might never leave their table unfurnished, or their woodland home at the mercy of a foe. And as she prattled thus with an almost childish enthusiasm and delight in the pictures her fancy sweetly conjured up, the laughing lord of Loxley's arm would tighten around her waist, and he would rain down kisses upon her head and brow and neck until her upraised lips were fastened to his own, and every pulse seemed beating in glowing unison.

But she grew sad again when he was away, and she sat alone with Alice, shivering by her ill-burning wood-fire in the chilly autumnal evenings. To hear the rain-drops patterning continuously from leaf to leaf, falling with an endless monotony of pit-pat, pit-pat, splash, all through the dreary day and night, when the water welled up through the sodden turf and rotting leaves at every step, and the heavy clammy mist crept silently and ghost-like through the wood, was to think with a sigh of the great briskly-burning logs on her mother's hearthstone, when song and dance and minstrelsy, a game at chess or blind man's buff, or some other romping game, had sped such hours joyfully away. And terrible was it when storms raged, when the flashing lightning came and the thunder shook the earth, when the wind shrieked and howled and tossed the boughs wildly to and fro, and the sweeping rush of the leaves was mixed with sounds of cracking and crashing, creaking and groaning, and a babel of indescribable noises suggesting terror and rage and agony, as if the forest were peopled with wicked souls pursued by torturing fiends. Then her breath came and went quickly; there was terror in her glance; hideous faces peered out at her through the darkness, and, hiding her face under the skins, with her baby pressed tightly to her bosom, she would creep closer and closer to poor little Alice, as if seeking protection from her whose fear exceeded her own. But whatever the weather or season, terrors and discomforts flew at the signal of Willie's coming, and with her lover-husband the poor young mother was always content and happy. And her presence was, for him, as that of an angel, filling the wild wood and jungle with sweet breath, their love making every smile and touch and thrilling word ever-fresh, ever-growing delights.

The news of the Lady Joanna's flight with some unknown lover, poor, but of high degree—for so she had so confessed in a letter found after her departure by one of her handmaidens—reached King Henry while he was in Normandy, just after the formal betrothal of his son and namesake—aged seven—to a daughter of the French king, Margaret, aged three years. Instantly letters of instruction were sent to England, one to each sheriff, authorising a general search by hue and cry throughout the land. At Loxley the sheriff's officers found suspicious signs, but nothing to justify arrest, and after awhile the search slackened and died away.

Soon after there came to the Lord of Loxley a noble messenger with an armed retinue bearing the following letter:—

"To the Lord of Loxley, from the Lady Roesia in her Nunnery at Chicksand.

"Right well-beloved—I greet you well with Christ's blessing and mine. My words are full of grief; and, because I am a poor woman well stricken in years, sad and anxious of heart, I do entreat that you will rest not until Joanna, my daughter, be restored to me, for fain would I see and forgive her ere I die. I have lost the very light of my eyes and the staff of mine old age. If you know of her, and can bring her to me, with all my heart and soul and mind I do entreat that you deny me not; so God speed you in His mercy for the day when all secrets shall be known and every heart laid bare. My noble sons and my brother of Oxford enjoin me to promise in their names interces-

sion with the king for any man, not of low degree, to whom she may have allied herself in honourable wise, and so I pray you accede to my wishes, that my wretched eyes may be once more gladdened, and God may yet grant me the boon of dying in her loving arms. In the name of the anointed Jesus, his Holy Mother, and the Saints, I pray you listen to a mother's prayer."

After seeing the lady's messenger and his retinue well bestowed, William called to him his steward, and going apart bade him read the Lady Roesia's letter. Listening gravely, he took back the parchment after its perusal, folded it carefully and placed it securely within his pouch.

"What will you do, my son?" asked the priest.

"That which a true man should," said William sorrowfully, the tears standing in his eyes; "better it were that the heart of this good mother should be gladdened with her daughter's love than that of a cowardly wrong-doer who can give his love only a hole in the earth for a bower, and the hard life of a hunted felon in the woods. She will return, and you, good friend, will go with her."

"I, my lord!" exclaimed the terrified priest; "they will kill me!"

"Like enough," said Loxley.

"Nor will your life, my dear lord, be more safe."

"Many a weary day has gone since it was so," replied William with a melancholy smile, and sighing added, "let them take it, if they can, and he who slays me shall have my dying blessing when she—when she has gone!" and with these last words the pent-up feelings of his heart had swayed, and, as he turned aside, like a very child or a woman, he burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

"My lord," said the priest, "I will go an I must; but what shall I say of your marriage?"

"It is that you go to prove."

"When, my lord?"

"To-morrow."

The priest bowed and they parted; the Lord of Loxley mounting his horse and riding away alone into the quiet wood, as was his wont when deeply moved. His steward returned to his house to pack and prepare for his morrow's journey into Bedfordshire, before returning to see the guests had been well disposed and provided for, in accordance with his lord's instructions.

On the following morning, when the men-at-arms of the Lady Roesia assembled with their glittering hauberks on the castle green, in their midst stood a horse litter prepared for the lady Joanna, who had passed the night with her lord in his chamber above the hall. William led her forth, closely veiled and weeping bitterly, with his infant son in her arms. John, the priest, mounted gloomily to ride with her on his sturdy grey palfrey; his pretty sister Alice rode thoughtfully behind him. The Lord of Loxley, looking care-worn and anxious, also mounted his tall steed and went forth with them, riding beside the litter in earnest conversation with his gentle, sorrowing wife. It was midday before, with a great pang in his heart, he halted the cavalcade to bid her a last, sad, lingering adieu, and so left them, and rode back spiritless, desolate and alone. She watched him through her tears so piteously and wistfully as long as he remained in sight, and then her soul went out yearningly after him. And all the rest of the way, until she was clasped to her aged mother's breast at Chicksand, she prayed for him.

Within a month all was changed. The King's almoner, William de Beauchamp, Sheriff (or Viscount) of Hereford, Gloucester and Warwick, had pleaded with the King, whose mother, graciously remembering all the Eudes had done and suffered in her cause, added her entreaties for his pardon. It was won, and a favourable gale bore it rapidly over the sea to England.

The Lady Joanna returned with her baby to Loxley, whereat arose such an outburst of rejoicing as the place had not witnessed for many years. Kinsmen, kinswomen, and faithful rejoicing friends and neighbours assembled, with franklins, friars, and priests. Wandering gleemen and maidens and joculators, in great numbers, came in from all the surrounding woodland villages and towns. Verdant bowers, tents, rude stables, and huts were erected for the accommodation of those whom the castle would not hold. Jousts and dancing, shooting at the butts, single-stick play, bull-baiting, hunting parties, wrestling, and all kinds of athletic and joyous rustic sports were got up. The church bells rang merry peals, bonfires blazed, horns rang out, harp and citole made music in the hall, decorated for this happy occasion with wreaths of flowers and bright green boughs; casks of wine and ale were freely broached; largesse freely given. Every smiling man and woman wore his or her holiday attire, laughter and singing rang out from early matins until vespers, stories were told, ballads were chanted, and all went right merrily until the tolling of curfew was followed by the parting benediction of John, the priest, wishing to each and all "good night and quiet rest."

END OF PART ONE.

(To be continued.—Commenced in No. 276.)

A PRACTICE exists, says *Touchstone*, of cutting out unfavourable criticisms from the papers, carefully underlining every word or sentence that can be twisted into an adverse or unkind meaning, and pasting it on to a postcard; and, having been directed in capitals, so as to make the handwriting unrecognisable, it is sent off, most likely addressed to the stage-door, in order that all the interested loiterers at that spot may have a good laugh over the objectionable document. The pain and annoyance caused many meritorious and sensitive artists in this way can easily be guessed.

A SPECIAL morning performance of *Much Ado About Nothing* will be given at the Lyceum on the 29th inst. in aid of the once widely popular Shakesperian actor, Mr. Henry Marston, of whom a portrait and memoir will appear in our next issue. Mr. Honey is rapidly recovering his health and will soon professionally reappear.

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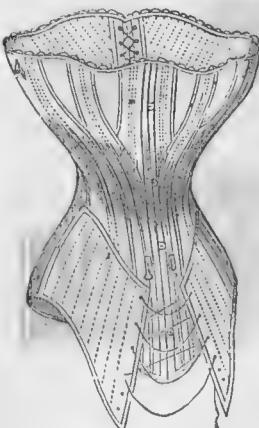
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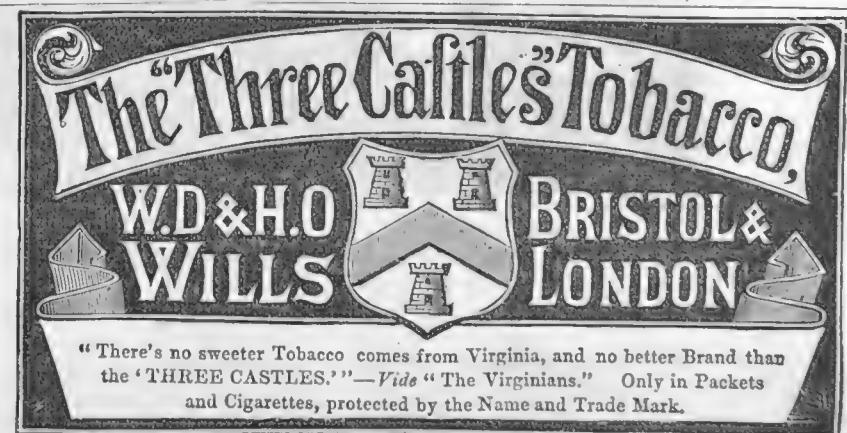
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## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

THERE is no pavement in London so thoroughly and constantly devoted to the feet of the histrionic brotherhood and sisterhood as the Strand. From Charing-cross to what was Temple Bar, the measured step of tragedy and the light skipping pace of comedy are for ever plying; especially at midday on Saturday, when "Treasury" is open at the various theatres. The unmistakable figures of public favourites may then be seen making their way to that reward which their various managers

various as the architecture of the place. Perhaps the most marked of the visitors who occupy the land for a certain period, and then disappear, to be lost until their peculiar time has come again, are those faithful ones who attend the "May Meetings" at that shrine of broadcloth — Exeter Hall. As soon as this vernal month (*invernal* I have heard it irreverently called) sets in, with its budding flowers and warm sunshine, and snowstorms and icicles, not to forget our old friend the East wind — then the Strand seems like the home of huge black ants, which has been disturbed by the foot of a great giant, and sent its occupants swarming hither and thither. Happy, smiling, innocent creatures are those good people who once a

over by the more worldly throngs passing from the playhouses. Do these pious Spring Chickens ever regale themselves with a little worldliness? Bless you, yes, as Mr. Jenkins in the *Two Roses* said, when he became "a shepherd" and a shining light — "it's not so dull as you think!" The spot in the outer world most favoured by these Children of Grace is the minstrelsy of Moore and Burgess, where they become uncontrollable in their mirth under the influence of the corner men, or weep tears of emotion at the plaintive strains of "Mother, I have pawned my shoes." The Polytechnic and Madame Tussaud's have next the most attraction. Then come numberless places of amusement of a nondescript nature that are happily out of the category of the



His first Theatre.



Grand Triumphal March of Men: proposed decoration for Exeter Hall.

have set aside for them out of the tribute nightly offered by an admiring world. The no less unmistakable figures of those who have not yet met with that degree of public favour which should have fallen to their lot, are on their way to receive the price of their servitude, or to negotiate trifling accommodation from the more fortunate. The little reticule that accompanies the pert hat and high-heeled shoes, and in which the few shillings from the coffers of the Festivity Theatre will presently grapple the ragged powder-puff and the little bottle of scent, is to be seen passing and repassing along this wonderful street. Apart from

year devote the merry Maytime to ameliorating the condition of the Patagonian, and the discussing the most expedient means of supplying the needy Hottentots with ulster coats and umbrellas. Here you can see them hurrying along, brimful of pity for the far-off heathens whom they love as brothers, never giving one thought as to who or what that was with the gaudy hat and raddled cheek that just now rubbed past them with sardonic smile. One of the most entertaining studies with regard to this pious throng is the thoroughly showman-like way the meetings which they have come to attend are got up

regulation playhouse. Then, again, when the rooms of Exeter Hall are not ringing with the nasal strains of "the Singing Pilgrim" or the roaring of "the Hallelujah Preacher," light entertainments are set forth. I turned into this shrine the other evening, expecting to hear some tidings of far off and benighted brethren, but to my astonishment the congregation was laughing at the humours of the droll Mr. Walter Pelham, and weeping with the pathos of Mr. Charles Harbury's impressive readings. The more daring of the brethren and sisters find their way into the theatre, "Just



Grand Triumphal March of Maidens: proposed decoration for Exeter Hall

the sons and daughters of the theatre, who have made the Strand peculiarly their own, there are other groups of the *genus homo*, scarcely less interesting, who frequently occupy this part of the town. On a Bank Holiday the place seems to become deserted by its usual ordinary or everyday occupants, and a new stream of life comes along gaping from the surrounding country. You can smell the odour of hay and hedgerow mingling with the City smoke as they pass by. There are periods when the place is devoted to the use of the Israelites from the Oriental regions beyond Bishopsgate. What they are or why they are I cannot tell, but they exist, these human types, and seem as

and managed. Just as the theatres, which are cheek by jowl with Exeter Hall, burst out in announcement of some popular actor or successful play, so the reigning star of some religious denomination is "billed" as an attraction, "The Hallelujah Preacher," "The Singing Pilgrim," and other endearing terms of admiration startle the passer by from the abdomens of animated sandwiches. The good folk discuss the merits of the performance with vigour and enthusiasm as they pass to their hotels and boarding-houses — just as the first appearance of a new Hamlet or the reappearance of some old favourite comedian might be talked

to satisfy themselves as to what it is really like, you know." Some are shallow enough to attempt to a feeble disguise on occasions of this kind, but it is very unnecessary trouble. Nothing is more simple than the identification of any of their number. Presently the end of the month will arrive when they must hie them to their homes. The "May Meetings" will be discussed for a brief period with those less fortunate lambs who had to stay at home, presently they will be forgotten altogether; but the visit to the theatre, or the variety entertainment, will remain a subject of never-failing interest. Such is human nature, the forbidden fruit is ever the most luscious.

## THE AMATEURS.

Amateurs are requested to send early notice of any performance they desire announced or reviewed; in the latter case enclosing a programme and two tickets. Advertisements must be forwarded to the Publisher by first post on Thursday mornings to insure insertion in the current week's issue.

THE ROMANY AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB gave their third and last performance of the ninth season at St. George's Hall, on Thursday, the 15th inst., in aid of the Military Fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of those who fall in the Zulu war. *A Winning Hazard* served as an amusing first piece, capitally played by all who took part in it. One thing I would point out to Mr. W. E. Milne, viz., Colonel Croker would hardly walk about his garden before breakfast in a brand-new tall hat. Messrs. W. C. d'Arcy and C. S. Arkell were easy and amusing as the two cousins, Dudley and Jack; the former's make-up being especially good. Aurora and Coralie found charming representatives in Miss Ella Strathmore and Miss Alma Graham, the latter of whom might have infused a little more life into her part. In *Time and the Hour*, Mr. C. W. A. Trollope personated Sir Philip Deverell in a thoroughly sound and artistic manner. He was the aristocratic villain to the life. The sleep-walking scene in the last act, was extremely well wrought out. Mr. Emberson as Franklin looked like a footman, his make-up was shocking, and he seemed entirely out of his element in the part. As his son Charles, Mr. P. R. Wilson was not much better; his love-making was utterly unreal. Mr. d'Arcy made as much as possible out of the small part of George Aylmer. Mr. John Bathurst's Montgomery Brown was funny, and his make-up good. As the amateur detective, Sparrow, Mr. C. L. Bathurst played with energy and humour, and escaped exaggeration. Mr. C. G. Allan, as Medlicott, shared the honours of the evening with Mr. Trollope; his make-up was a splendid one; he dressed the part with exactly the amount of bad taste to make it natural, and above all he thoroughly grasped the character of the bill discounter, and gave it adequate interpretation. Miss E. Wiber kept her audience in continued laughter from first to last as Mrs. Montgomery Brown. She was deliciously vulgar, and at the same time quite natural. Her struggles with that ill-used H fairly brought down the house. Mrs. R. G. Grahame was sadly amateurish as Lucy. Miss Zoe Bland, as Marian Beck showed us what a conscientious actress she is; her performance was full of feeling and merit.

THE IRRATIONALS gave a performance in aid of the Zulu Fund at the Olympic on the afternoon, Friday, the 16th inst. In *Plot and Passion*, Major Hughes-Hallett made a very fair Fouché, and had evidently bestowed much pains on his part. His by-play and facial expression were effective. At times I could scarcely hear Captain Yeldham as Desmarests, and several others spoke indistinctly. Captain Johnson made a lively De Cevennes, and his careful study of the part is much to be commended. Captain Drummond might have sacrificed his whiskers for the part of Berthieu, otherwise he was good. As De Neuville, Captain Fitzgeorge played capitally; he seemed to have quite grasped the author's intention, and I must award him high praise. Jabez was Mr. Vyner Robinson, and Mr. Charles Myers' make-up as Grisboule was very good indeed. Mrs. Onslow was not strong enough for the part of Madame de Fontanges; her intentions were of the best, but she failed to interpret them with due effect. She made one great mistake, which I cannot pass over without notice. On her return from the gaming-table, where she states she has lost everything down to her bracelets, she was still wearing diamonds, or their counterfeits, on her neck and in her hair. Cecile found a representative in Miss Hester. The whole piece would have gone better had there been more life and go thrown into it. Gilbert's *Creatures of Impulse* formed a pleasing relief to the somewhat dreary first piece. The Sergeant Klooche of Mr. F. O. Barrington Foot was comic in the extreme, and caused roars of laughter. Captain Onslow was very well made up as Boombelhardt, but he made a mistake in repeating his song, which, by-the-bye, had no business in the piece at all. Peter and Jacques were represented by Mr. G. Phillips and Mr. Mordaunt respectively. Miss Hester made a good Martha, and I was charmed with the Pipette of Mrs. Onslow. It was a part thoroughly suited to her, and she filled it with graceful quiet humour that quite won the hearts of her audience. Her dancing was particularly worthy of commendation. Had Mrs. Macdonnell only consented to sacrifice her beauty and submit to wrinkles, her "strange old lady" would have been very good. Her one short solo was sufficient to show what a fine contralto voice she possesses. The music was entrusted to the band of the Royal Artillery.

AMATEURS AT ST. GEORGE'S.—A performance was given at this hall in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond-street, on Saturday evening, the 17th inst. In the *Unfinished Gentleman* Mr. H. E. Frith was good as Frisk Flammer; so was the Jim of Mr. Jeffcock. Mr. Minty (Charles Danvers) was a regular stick, and seemed to have no idea of acting. Mr. Compton couldn't be heard as Downey, and the part suffered in consequence. Mr. Norton was not good as Lord Totterly—he was too jerky. As Miss Bloomfield, Miss Pattie Bell did what little there was to be done; and Miss Lena Young made a good Mary Chintz. The farce, however, was flat and uninteresting, but it served as a good foil for the little known yet pretty play of *The Dream of the Future*. In that piece all the actors seemed to wake up and play with something like spirit. Mr. Norton showed a decided improvement as Mr. Harbottle, and Mr. Frith was again good as Captain Lovelock; Mr. Stephens played capitally as the timid Mildmay, and added another to his list of successes. If Mr. Palmer's accent had been better there would have been little fault to find with his Patrick. Miss Compton and Miss Pattie Bell played delightfully as the two Miss Walsingham, more especially in the sleepy scene that brings down the curtain on the first act. They were also good in the second—the dream—where they are represented as grown old. Miss Lena Young caused much amusement as Watson. The Belsize Amateur Orchestral Society managed to keep better time and tune.

THE ERRATICS gave a performance at St. George's Hall on Saturday, the 10th inst. One of the most prominent good qualities of this amateur club is the care with which they cast the plays they take in hand. In their performances you seldom see a square actor in a round part, or vice versa, and Saturday night's "show" was no exception to the general rule. Although *Cyril's Success*, taken as a whole, was not so well played as some we have seen, yet it afforded several of the members opportunities for some capital acting. In Cyril Cuthbert Mr. J. Y. Stephens found a part rather more heavily weighted than those he has undertaken lately, but he proved himself fully equal to the task. He was at his best in the fourth and fifth acts. Mr. Percy Houghton made a very handsome and soldierlike Major Treherne. He was perhaps a little too cold and passionless in his representation of the character, but still far from bad. Mr. Rodney C. Perkins' Titeboy was a capital performance, very amusing, and at the same time free from exaggeration. Never have I seen Mr. W. Arthur in a part that suited him so well as that of Matthew Pincher, the literary hack. His make-up was capital, and if he had played as well all through as he did in the last act, there would have been little to carp at. But during the first two acts he was not bearish and snarly enough in his manner to correspond with the cutting speech he was

making. Mr. R. Pelton was sufficiently drawly as Viscount Glycerine, and Mr. G. de Meirelles was well made-up as Colonel Rawker. The small parts of Mr. Fitz-Pelham, Jonas Grimley, Paul Bings, and Pepper were represented by Messrs. E. Victor, H. Stanley, W. P. Vere, and F. Harvey respectively, the latter gentleman, however, should not, as a servant, have worn a gold ring. The part of Mrs. Cuthbert hardly seemed to suit Miss Lucy Williams so well as some others I have seen her in; her meeting with her husband in the last act, however, was carefully thought out and admirably played. The Miss Granett of Mrs. Walter Symons was very amusing, and yet this lady, too, seemed to have reserved herself for a supreme effort in the last act. Her reconciliation to her husband through the medium of "chops" was very funny, and both actor and actress thoroughly deserved the applause bestowed upon them. Miss Ella Strathmore looked charming as Mrs. Singleton Bliss. The fifth act was undoubtedly the best played by all concerned in it; acts 2 and 4 required "pulling together," and the club scene in particular required closer playing. In selections from *The School for Scandal*, Mr. W. H. Romain-Walker, as Sir Peter, fully upheld the reputation he has earned as a faithful depictor of aristocratic old age, and deserves high commendation for his efforts. Mr. C. W. Trollope, though rather a burly Joseph, played with power and good effect. Again, I must praise Mr. Rodney C. Perkins for his Charles; he was light and easy, and dressed the part in excellent taste. This latter remark also applies to the Lady Teazle of Mrs. Vavasour Sandford; her dress was superbly handsome; her acting, too, was sound and natural, and would have been better still had she not been quite so boisterous in her merriment at first. There was one little matter I feel bound to mention, viz., that the screen was not placed near enough to the wall of the room, the consequence being that most of the audience could see the refreshments, powder-box, and mirror, handed through the window to the lady in her place of concealment.

THE HALBRAKE DRAMATIC CLUB gave a performance in aid of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, at the Assembly Rooms, Wandsworth, on Thursday, the 8th inst. The entertainment commenced with the farce *Sold Again*, in which the parts were sustained by Messrs. Chandler, Mossop, Frayling, Hurrell, and Miss Kate Goddard. After an extremely long wait, and a waltz by three instruments, with very faint ideas as to tune, the curtain rose on Mr. Byron's comedy, *One Hundred Thousand Pounds*. Mr. C. H. Whitehurst, as the hero, looked well and played intelligently, though he was apt at times to rant. Mr. H. Clark was an excellent representative of Joe Barlow, and his efforts were deserving of warm praise. Miss Virginia Waters was too tame as Alice. She showed a good deal of feeling but no energy. Miss Ida Watson was well made up, and did well what little she had to do in the small part of Mrs. Barlow. The minor parts were fairly filled.

THE HISTRIONIC SOCIETY, MANCHESTER.—This society gave its first performance on the evening of the 6th instant, at the Chorlton Town Hall, the pieces selected being *Alone* and the old-fashioned comedietta, *Perfection*, and the acting was in some instances of considerable merit. The burden of the work in the first piece fell on Mr. Arthur Poole, who undertook the part of Colonel Challice, and as the blind old soldier, forsaken by all he had loved, heart-broken and cynical, he was quite at home. His make-up was good, and his acting always true to nature. The only fault was in the absence of some of that delicate light and shade indispensable to a character so strong in feeling. With opportunities for more elaboration, Mr. Poole's acting of this character would bear the severest criticism. Stratton Strawless was played by Mr. W. Gouldthorp in an even and acceptable manner. The part is not a gracious one, and we get up no enthusiasm for commonplace selfishness, yet Mr. Gouldthorp gave us some quaint touches of humour in a legitimate manner. Mr. Alleyne as Captain Cameron was cool and self-possessed in manner, but the part lacked somewhat of the necessary fervour to complete an otherwise excellent impersonation. Doctor Micklewaite was undertaken by Mr. J. A. Leefe. It would have been better if this gentleman had been a little more perfect, and that was perhaps the cause of some nervousness. Maude Trevor and Mrs. Thornton are parts that would try the most experienced actress, and if they were not played in a manner that calls for especial praise they were acted with ladylike discretion and a good deal of unobtrusive ability. It would be difficult to say whether Mrs. E. J. C. Ross as Maude, or Miss Ada Kendal as Mrs. Thornton excelled. Essentially different in style, both ladies gave in a quiet way a clear and admirable idea of the woman she intended to portray. Inexperienced as are Mrs. Ross and Miss Kendal as actresses, their good taste made their performance most pleasing and sometimes vividly real. The choice of *Perfection* was a mistake. Kate O'Brien is a true picture, yet at the same time difficult to delineate. None but one possessing an indomitable will, exquisite humour, and the most delicate perception of propriety would have dared to venture on such a task, for Kate's representative must give ocular proof that she is as near perfection as possible. Miss Emily Cox played the part with quiet, easy, ladylike grace, and made it more successful than is usual. Her sister, Miss Lilly Cox, found a more congenial character in the maid, Susan, and her interview with Sam, amusingly played by Mr. D. Anderson, was on the part of both genuinely humorous. Charles Paragon had a young and gentlemanly representative in Mr. Frank Lee, and (according to the programme) Mr. George Burton gave a refined rendering of that prosy old gentleman, Sir Laurence Paragon. To show that the stage arrangements were as complete as the resources of the society would allow, it is only necessary to mention the name of the manager, Mr. Alfred Darbyshire. The amateur orchestra played an appropriate selection of music, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hall, an accomplished amateur musician. The curtain rose punctually at half-past seven, and the performance concluded within five minutes of the time named—half-past ten.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—A representation of Mr. Albery's *Two Roses* was given at the above hall on Saturday the 3rd inst., in aid of the Isandula Widows and Orphans Fund. Mr. Arthur Canton took Mr. Irving as his model for Digby Grant, and was fairly successful. As Jack Wyat Mr. A. Ellis was easy and natural, and really *made love* as if he meant it, a point so many amateurs fail in. Mr. Mosley Hayward undoubtedly carried off the honours of the evening as Caleb Deecie. Mr. R. W. Ellis did not look like Mr. Jenkins, but he played a great deal better than he looked. Mr. A. M. Stead's make-up as Mr. Furnival was very artistic, and he deserves praise for the admirable manner in which he played. Thomas fell to the lot of Mr. C. King. Miss E. Howard was pleasing and effective as Ida, and Miss Ellis, though a little too demonstrative and noisy in the first act, is entitled to commendation for her Lottie. Mrs. J. Ellis (Our Mrs. Jenkins) would have been better had she spoken more distinctly, and had not her memory failed her at times. The part of Mrs. Cupps was undertaken by Mrs. Preece.

BIJOU THEATRE.—The second performance for Mr. D'Arcy Stanfield's benefit took place on the 2nd inst. The management in front of the house was a decided improvement. But the band was as bad, if not worse, than ever, and until the members can acquire some idea of time and tune they should certainly not appear in public. It was twenty minutes behind time when Mr. Snoozle (Mr. Herbert Walliker) resented the "unwarrantable

intrusion of Mr. G. A. Whiteman. The farce ran merrily enough, and provoked considerable amusement. A new and original comedy entitled *Little Nobody*, written by Mr. E. R. Wrighton especially for Miss Emma Ritta, and now played for the first time, was next on the programme. The plot treats of an *affair de cœur* of Fay, the heroine, and affords opportunity to Miss Ritta for some very pretty and natural acting. The character of the young and unsophisticated girl is just suited to this lady's capabilities. She was, however, very indifferently supported, and with the exception of one or two at most, none of the other characters knew their parts. Not only had Miss Ritta to represent Fay, but she had also to perform the duties of prompter and stage-manager, and sincerely did I pity hers when the stupidity or lack of memory of some of the other, several times came near ruining the success of the piece. Captain Stanley (Mr. Hambré), Dolly Bruce (Mr. Stanfield), Dixon (Mr. C. Lamb), and Mary (Miss Kate Carlyon), are entitled to qualified commendation, but the rest it will be kindest to pass over in silence. The audience, however, was an indulgent one, and, on the fall of the curtain, the applause was loud and long. Mr. Stanfield came forward and announced that the author was not present, but that he (Mr. Stanfield) would convey to him the favourable reception his play had met with. The screen scene from *The School for Scandal* followed, in which Miss Frances M. Ryan kindly gave her services as Lady Teazle.

THE MELROSE DRAMATIC CLUB gave a performance on Friday, the 2nd instant, at the Park Theatre, in aid of the Ladies' Association of the Great Northern Hospital. The cast of the opening farce, *Chiselling*, was the same—with the exception of Kate, Miss Talbot—as when it was played at the Athénée, Camden Town, on the 25th and 26th of March, and therefore requires no further mention. The drama, *Time and the Hour*, followed, in which the part of Sir Philip appeared to be almost beyond the powers of Mr. A. R. Ayers. He, however, had evidently studied the character; his best effort was in the last act. Mr. Scott was not good as Franklin, and why he should have appeared with a blackened face in the second act I know not. Mr. H. Halley as Sparrow was painstaking. Miss Hodson was better as Mrs. Brown than was H. L. Saffell as her husband. He was too fidgety, and his manner reminded me more of a marionette than a human being. Miss Ida Hertz was well suited to the part of Lucy Fairfax, and played charmingly. Marian fell to Miss Sparagnapare, and well she filled it; her assumption throughout was marked by intelligence and dramatic capability of no mean order; in the last act she was really fine. Messrs. Nicholls, Carlin, and Dickinson efficiently filled the remaining parts.

Tom STYLUS.

## MUSIC.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI last week made her third appearance this season, and delighted a crowded audience by her charming impersonation of Rosina in *Il Barbier di Siviglia*. Her piquant acting was alone sufficient to secure success, and it seemed hardly credible that the actress who kept her audience in continual smiles by her unforced gaiety could be the same who three nights before had thrilled them by the force and pathos of her acting as Aida. It is really difficult to say whether Madame Patti shines more in tragedy or in comedy. When she is seen in tragic characters, the audience make up their minds that she is a tragédienne first and a comédienne afterwards. When they see her in a comic part they are ready to reverse their previous decisions, and, in fact, whatever part she may play, she holds every one captive by the innate force of her histrionic genius. Without wishing to disparage the actresses who adorn our stage, it may safely be said that none of them exceed her in tragic power—none of them in piquant and graceful comic acting. It must be borne in mind that theatrical artists have their special lines of business, and that it is not expected of a tragic actress that she shall shine in comedy. There may have been some few exceptions to this rule; but the purely dramatic stage presents no such spectacle as that of an artist playing two such tragic parts as Margherita and Aida, and two such comic parts as Rosina and Zerlina within the space of a single week, and attaining perfection in each. It is too much the habit of purely theatrical critics to speak of operatic artists as if they were merely singers, to whose inevitably weak acting indulgence should be shown. As a matter of fact, the purely dramatic stage has never boasted of finer actors and actresses than Lablache and Ronconi, Malibran and Patti, and these artists (with many others who might be named) have shone with equal brilliancy in tragic and comic opera. Histrionic genius is the more remarkable on the lyric stage because of the obstacles to its development. The lyric actor must not only act well, but must sing in strict time and tune, and must not only remember dialogue "cues," but must know the cues to be given by different instruments in the orchestra; must count "rests," so as to come in at the right moment; and must, in fact, superadd to the task of learning the words of his part the toilsome task of committing to memory every note, rest, and cue in perhaps 1,000 bars of music. Surely the histrionic ability shown by some of our lyric artists in discharging this double duty, so that their acting and singing are alike of the highest merit, must be more remarkable than that of an actor who has but to commit words and cues to memory, and may forget some of his words without causing an immediate collapse of the performance in which he takes part?

We have spoken of Madame Adelina Patti's acting as perfect. Of her vocalisation it is needless to speak. She has long been acknowledged, and still remains, the most finished vocalist of the age, and her brilliant powers shine conspicuously at a time when polish of style is rare, and when mere tyros occupy the places which were formerly reserved for none but fully cultivated artists. When she made her *entrée* for the season we noticed the fact that she sang some of her principal arias transposed a semitone lower. She has on subsequent occasions adopted the same course, although she has shown that she still retains full possession of exceptionally high notes when sung staccato. It is impossible that a voice can gain power at both ends, and the increased volume and richness of Madame Patti's voice in the lower registers has probably been gained at some loss of sustaining power in the highest register, or, rather, extension, of her voice. She has now all the vocal power necessary for "dramatic" rôles of the most exacting kind, and it is probably to these that she will henceforth chiefly devote her attention. If we have devoted considerable space to our remarks on this wonderful artist, it is because she is a model for students of the lyric art, as well as a giver of delight to the musical world.

*Der Freischütz* was given on Saturday last, and Mdlle. Turolla as Agatha made a decided success, although it was evident in the great scena, "Softly sighs the voice of evening," that she has still to encounter a course of persevering study before she can be admitted to the highest rank among vocalists. She is, however, of the stuff out of which great artists are made, and never fails to attract the sympathies of her audience by the genuine and innate force of her dramatic instinct, and by the fine quality of her voice. M. Gailhard, as Caspar, greatly in-

creased the favourable impression created by his previous impersonation of Mefistofele. His voice is more of the basso-centrale than the barytone in quality, and he sang the "Drinking Song" a note lower than the original key. In this solo he made a great success, and after his fine delivery of the trying scene, which terminates the first act, he was twice called before the curtain. Signor Gayarré, as Max, sang splendidly, but spoiled the success of his first solo ("Through the meadows") by introducing a high B flat, which was not an improvement on Weber, and was not well received by the audience. Madame Smeroschi was a lively Annetta, and the *ensemble* was excellent.

*Il Don Giovanni* was produced on Monday last. It is unnecessary to repeat what has already been said respecting Madame Patti's *Zerlina*. Madame Cepeda, as *Donna Anna*, sang and acted superbly. Mdlle. Valleria, as *Elvira*, made a decided success. M. Gailhard, as *Leporello*, gained further favour. Signor Nouelli, as *Ottavio*, sang in good style, but his voice was weak. He omitted "Dalla sua pace," which would have been more suitable to his vocal means than "Il mio tesoro," and in the latter aria he was but moderately successful. M. Maurel, as *Don Giovanni*, divided the chief honours of the occasion with Madame Patti. His acting was admirable, his fine voice was in perfect order, and his vocalisation was exquisite. We must object, however, to his alteration of the final phrase in the serenade, "Deh vieni alla finestra." He avoided the commonplace vulgarity of singing the last three notes an octave higher, but changed the melody by singing F, E, and D instead of D, E, and D. The original phrase, with a rest upon the E, would have been far preferable, and under no circumstances ought liberties to be taken with such faultless works of art as the scores of Mozart.

*Dinorah* was announced for Thursday last, and *Der Freischütz* for yesterday. This evening, *Les Amants de Verone*, the Marquis D'Ivry's version of *Romeo and Juliet*, is to be produced, with M. Capoul and Mdlle. Heilbron in their original characters. On Monday *Norma* will be produced—the first time these four years—with Madame Cepeda in the title-character, which is eminently suited to her dramatic and vocal powers. To Signori Vianesi and Bevignani a tribute of praise is due for the satisfactory manner in which the works produced under their direction have been placed before the public, and it would be unjust to omit mention of Signor Tagliafico, the able stage-manager, whose incessant labours have greatly aided the successes which have been achieved.

#### HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Mr. Mapleson has been singularly unfortunate during the past week. Our inhospitable climate has affected several of his principal artists, and the *entrées* of Madame Christine Nilsson and Madame Etelka Gerster have had to be postponed again and again. Nevertheless, a gallant fight has been made against unavoidable difficulties, and the programme of the week has been worthy of the locality. On Saturday last Beethoven's *Fidelio* was produced, with a strong cast. In the title character, Madame Pappenheim sang with remarkable energy and pathos, and acted intelligently, if not powerfully. Madame Sinico was a highly acceptable Marcellina; Signor Foli, as Rocco, appeared to unusual advantage; Signor Galassi, as Pizarro, was all that could be desired, and Signor Rinaldini was a capital Jacquino. The most interesting feature in the performance was the *entrée* of M. Candidus, as Florestano. It may be remembered that he made his first appearance in England, in this character, during the late autumnal season, while suffering from illness, and was soon afterwards obliged to give up singing. On Saturday last he was in full possession of his powers, and his fine voice was heard with genuine pleasure. He sings with taste and power, never descends to the use of tremolo or falsetto, and attacks high notes with ease. It is to be hoped that we may soon see him in some more grateful rôle than that of Florestano, and there seems every reason to believe that the high reputation which he has gained in Germany and Italy has been fairly earned, and that he will prove to be a powerful addition to the attractions of Her Majesty's Opera.

*Le Nozze di Figaro* was produced on Tuesday last, with a good cast, and was well executed, but there was nothing in the performance to call for special notice. For to-night *Robert le Diable* is announced. The other operas given during the week have been repetitions of works produced previously during this season, and have been excellently performed, under the able direction of Sir Michael Costa.

At present, it is uncertain how soon we may expect the pleasure of welcoming the *entrée* of Madame Christine Nilsson. Madame Etelka Gerster's *entrée* has been postponed by the advice of her medical councillors till Monday next, when she is announced to appear as Amina in *La Sonnambula*.

The second subscription concert of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir was given at St. James's Hall, on Thursday, May 15, with the assistance of Mdlles. Robertson and Fonblanche, and MM. Maas and Henschel. The executive ability of the choir was demonstrated in their performance of that wonderful instance of misplaced ingenuity, Tallis's 40 part song, and more agreeable results were attained in Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer" (solo, Miss Robertson), and in some of the delightful madrigals and part-songs which were included in the programme.

The Royal Society of Musicians gave their annual performance of the *Messiah* on Monday last, at St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins. The hall was crowded, and the performance was in all respects successful.

The Philharmonic Society's sixth concert was given at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday last, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins. The programme included Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, Beethoven's No. 3 *Leonora* overture, Bruch's 1st violin concerto (soloist, M. Sarasate), Beethoven's piano-forte concerto in E flat (pianist, Madame Essipoff), and vocal selections by Mdlle. Redeker and Mr. Maas; and was worthy of the venerable society.

Among the concerts announced to take place this week, were Madame Essipoff's second and last piano-forte recital on Thursday last, at St. James's Hall; MM. Ludwig and Daubert's first (of four) chamber concert, on Thursday last, at the Royal Academy of Music; and Mr. John Cheshire's Matinee Musicale, on Friday, at the residence of Major Wallace Carpenter.

The second Floral Hall Concert of the season will take place this afternoon, when Madame Adelina Patti and other popular members of the Royal Italian Opera will assist.

The third concert of the New Philharmonic Society will be given this afternoon at St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Wilhelm Ganz. The programme will include the A minor symphony of St. Saëns (conducted by the composer), the overture to Mr. G. A. Osborne's MS. opera, *The Forest Maiden*, Beethoven's violin concerto (Senor Sarasate) and other interesting orchestral works, with vocal selections by Miss Georgina Burns, of the Carl Rosa Company.

Mr. Oberthür's morning concert will be given at St. James's Hall next Monday, with the aid of popular artists, and of two of his pupils, Miss Marion Beard and Miss Kate Stuart.

The seventh of the Viard-Louis concerts will be given next

Thursday afternoon at St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Weist Hill, who will preside over an orchestra of 98 performers.

Mr. John Boosey announces an Afternoon Ballad Concert for Saturday next, at St. James's Hall.

M. Musin will give two chamber concerts at the Steinway Hall, Tuesday mornings, May 27 and June 10, assisted by Madame Montigny-Rémaury, M. St. Saëns, and M. Lassalle. Conductor, Mr. F. H. Cowen.

*Hereward*, a new cantata, composed by Mr. Ebenezer Prout, will be performed at St. James's Hall, for the first time in public, on Wednesday, June 4th, by the Hackney Choral Association, of which flourishing society Mr. Prout is conductor. The libretto is from the able pen of Mr. W. Grist, of the Crystal Palace, and is founded on Charles Kingsley's novel, "Hereward the Wake." The principal vocalists will be Mrs. Osgood, Miss Mary Davies, Miss Marian Williams, Mr. Frederick King, and Mr. Barton McGuckin, with a band and chorus of 200 performers. Mr. Ebenezer Prout has gained an honourable place among the best of our rising musicians, and his cantata will be awaited with interest.

At Mr. Trelawny Cobham's *matinée* on Monday last an operetta in one act, written by Mr. Charles Thomas, and composed by Miss Harriet Young, was successfully performed by Miss José Sherrington, Mr. Thorndike, and Mr. T. Cobham.

#### THE POLYTECHNIC.

THE development of optical ghost illusions has entered into a new stage at the Polytechnic, under the auspices of Professor Pepper, who may fairly claim to be the foster parent, if not the creator, of most of the spectral illusions which have succeeded the famous "Pepper's Ghost" of 1863. The Dirks ghost was a marvellous illusion enough, but it seemed to want completeness, inasmuch as the base of the reflection sheet of glass was not on the perpendicular, and the reflected figures were mostly out of proportion, with a tendency to lean towards the spectator. To Mr. James Walker belongs the merit of the improvement now exhibited, and which produces a complete illusion, so complete, indeed, that it is impossible to distinguish the substance from the shadow. *The Modern Metempsychosis*, as the new illusion is styled, has already been noticed in these columns, and it has since attracted and puzzled crowded audiences, but its importance as a factor in the representation of stage plays has not been clearly demonstrated till Professor Pepper adapted to it a humorous dramatic sketch called *The Artist's Dream*, a trifle the literary merits of which it is not necessary to criticise, as it was modestly presented as simply a means to an end. In this little piece we are presented to the studio of a hard-working knight of the brush, who is busy on pictures for the Royal Academy. His female domestic and his colour-grinder, two comic personages, introduce some amusing stage business and a song—the latter from the lady—and then to them comes a porter bearing a new lay figure which has been purchased by the artist. This figure, which is in disconnected parts, and which is typically alluded to as another "mystery," is joined and placed in position. The withdrawal of the attendants is succeeded by the entrance of the artist, who, being somewhat drowsy, prefers a newspaper to the work of copying a military portrait, and falls asleep over a presumably heavy "leader." He dreams, and the details of the dream pass before the spectator. First, out of the interior of the lay figure comes a gnome, who, with many fantastic gestures, endows the figure with motion. It walks as stiffly and as irregularly as such an object might be expected to do. It ascends a staircase to the artist's easel, and works naturally enough at his picture, and then returns to its original position. Affrighted, the artist awakes from his nightmare, alarms the house, and as the curtain falls we witness a wild dismemberment of the figure that but a moment before was endowed with life. The deception is so well executed that it puzzles the most sceptical and knowing observer to detect the means by which it is accomplished. A large audience gave a very hearty reception to the new sketch, which is preceded by the less ambitious but equally realistic illusion, *Banquo's Ghost*. Professor Pepper, as ever, chats pleasantly as cicerone, and succeeds in making an hour pass rapidly and agreeably.

#### DOG SHOW AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

A BULLDOG show pure and simple is—even in these days, when almost everything, animate or inanimate, is made the subject of an exhibition—somewhat of a rarity. Still the show of these interestingly ugly creatures, which has just closed at the Alexandra Palace, has proved that, unique as the competition is, it can be made the means of gathering together a large number of canine pets, most of the specimens exhibited being the property of members of the Bulldog Club—an association which has now been in existence for some years, and which was formed for the purpose of encouraging and improving the breed of the animal whose name gives the title to the club. Between 70 and 80 dogs were entered in the show, all possessing in a greater or lesser degree those marked characteristics of the race which, united, present to the uninitiated spectator a vision of grotesque and repulsive ugliness, but which undoubtedly afford to the enthusiastic fancier a picture of perfect beauty in both shape and colour.

In the class for dogs over 40lb in weight who have been previous winners of first prizes, Mr. Hadley's Henderman was adjudged to be the best of the five competitors, and in the next class, for bitches over 35lb, Mr. William Oliver's Rozelle (a very fine animal of unbroken white colour) took the first prize. In Class 3, for dogs under 40lb, who had taken first prizes at any show, the honours were divided, the judges being unable to decide between the relative merits of two champion animals—Captain Holdsworth's Doon Brae and Mr. B. W. Donkin's Baby. The fourth class did not fill, but the fifth class, for dogs over 40lb (not being previous winners of first prizes), was an exceedingly good one, and here Mr. Thomas Ball's Lord Nelson and Mr. Donkin's Byron took the first and second prizes respectively, both these being very fine young dogs, with splendid chests and grandly shaped heads. For bitches over 35lb, under similar conditions, Mr. J. W. Gurney's Lulu took the first prize, her owner having fixed upon the decidedly fancy value of £1,879 as her selling price. Mr. Harding Cox's The Marchioness took second place in this class. Among the principal prize winners in the other classes were Mr. Robert Fulton's Gappy, Mr. Edwin Farquharson's Rob Roy, Mr. George Raper's Rosy Cross, and Mr. Joseph Bowman's Faust—the last-named being in the class for puppies, and certainly a magnificent creature for his age of eleven and a half months. The club's gold medal for the best dog or bitch the property of a member of the Bulldog Club, and entered in one of the classes at the show, was awarded to Mr. Layton's brindled bitch Vernon—a somewhat singular decision, inasmuch as the judges have given to the next on the catalogue (Rozelle) the distinction of being the best bitch of her class, and yet have presented to her defeated rival the gold medal. The show will close on this (Saturday) evening.

#### ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

SUSSEX could make but a poor show against M.C.C. and Ground last week, being beaten by 74 runs and an innings, mainly through the good bowling of Rylott and Flowers, who between them caused the downfall of every wicket. M.C.C. made 187—Wheeler 37, Flowers 28, W. Hearn 28, and Messrs. Russel 19, Studd 18, Vernon 22, and Thornton 12, being the double figure contributors. Sussex made 75 and 38, the Rev. C. C. Ewbank, 23, alone making a stand.

M.C.C. and Ground did well in their match at Lord's, on Monday and Tuesday last, against Yorkshire, as they won easily by nine wickets. The Tykes made but 94 in their first innings, and did worse in the second, as they could only reach 59—Lockwood 31 (not out) and 26 alone getting double figures in both essays. The winners ran together 130 in their first endeavour, mainly through the fine form of T. S. Pearson and G. F. Vernon, who made 52 and 39 respectively. Morley's average was very good, viz., 55.2 overs, 37 maidens, 37 runs, 7 wickets in the first innings; and in the second Mr. Stratford's was—13 overs, 7 maidens, 12 runs, and 5 wickets.

Cambridge University gave an All England eleven a fair thrashing last Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. A. E. E., for whom Lockwood not out 68, and W. R. Gilbert 40, were top scorers, made 121 and 104, whilst the University obtained 155 in the first innings, and the required 72 for the loss of six wickets. Wood's eight wickets were obtained at the expense of 107 runs, Ford's three, 38; and Morton's seven, 56 runs; but for the losers Emmett's average of twelve wickets for 80 runs deserves a word of encomium.

At Oxford the Eleven were on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday virtually beaten by the next sixteen, as they were disposed of for 94 and 146, whilst their opponents ran together 191 in their first innings, and had made 36 without the loss of a wicket in the second. G. S. Foljambe, with 50 and 18 not out for the sixteen, batted very well, whilst in the same interest W. A. Thornton's six wickets for 16 runs must not be passed over. On Monday and Tuesday the Eleven opposed the next twelve, with Selby and Scotton, the result again being a draw. H. E. Webb came out grandly with 21 and 117, J. H. Hare 54, and W. A. Thornton 42 and 8, ably supporting him, whilst for the fourteen P. N. J. Rogers 30, did best.

The Ranelagh Club, Fulham, on Wednesday opened their new ground with a match against the Orleans.

M.C.C. and Ground play the Gentlemen of Ireland, at Lord's, on Thursday, and I hear the representatives of the Verdant Isle mean mischief.

George Howitt, the Winchester College "coach," whilst bowling last week ruptured a blood-vessel over his right lung. He is now under the care of Dr. Berkart of the Consumptive Hospital, Victoria Park.

Died Saturday, May 17, T. Hayward, after a short illness. He will be buried at Brompton Cemetery on Friday next.

The London Scottish Golf Club Spring Meeting commenced on Wednesday, when the first handicap fell to Mr. Plews, and will be continued to-morrow and Saturday.

At both Universities the usual May "eights" have been decided, the appended lists showing with what results:—

#### OXFORD.

Order in which the boats started:—

SECOND DIVISION.—Queen's, Exeter, Hertford, Trinity, Oriel, Worcester, Lincoln, St. Catherine's, Merton, St. Mary Hall, Jesus, Wadham.

FIRST DIVISION.—University, Brasenose, Pembroke, Keble, Balliol, Magdalen, Corpus, Christ Church, New, St. John's.

Order in which they finished:—

SECOND DIVISION.—Trinity, Corpus, St. John's, Worcester, Queen's, St. Mary Hall, Oriel, Lincoln, Merton, St. Catherine's, Jesus, and Wadham.

FIRST DIVISION.—Balliol, Magdalen, University, Pembroke, Brasenose, New, Christ Church, Hertford, Keble, and Exeter.

#### CAMBRIDGE.

Order in which the boats started:—

SECOND DIVISION.—Jesus 2nd, Third Trinity 2nd, Pembroke 1st, Queen's, First Trinity 4th, Trinity Hall 2nd, King's, Downing, Corpus 1st, Lady Margaret 3rd, First Trinity 5th, Caius 3rd, Non-collegiate, Magdalen, Christ's, Pembroke 2nd.

FIRST DIVISION.—Jesus 1st, Caius 1st, Lady Margaret 1st, First Trinity 1st, Third Trinity 1st, Trinity Hall 1st, Clare, First Trinity 2nd, First Trinity 3rd, Caius 2nd, Lady Margaret 2nd, Sidney Sussex, St. Catherine's, Emmanuel, Jesus 2nd.

Order in which they finished:—

SECOND DIVISION.—Sidney, Third Trinity 2nd, St. Catherine's, Queen's, Trinity Hall 2nd, King's, Corpus Christi, Downing, First Trinity 4th, Magdalen, Lady Margaret 3rd, Caius 3rd, Christ's, Pembroke, First Trinity 5th, Non-collegiate.

FIRST DIVISION.—Jesus, Lady Margaret, Caius, First Trinity, Third Trinity, Trinity Hall, Caius 2nd, Clare, First Trinity 2nd, Lady Margaret 2nd, Pembroke, Emmanuel, First Trinity 3rd, Jesus 2nd, Sidney.

On Friday, Saturday, and Monday next John Roberts, jun., and Joseph Bennett, the two well-known ex-champions, play their great match at St. James's Hall for 200 sovs., the former conceding a start of 200 points in 3,000 on a championship table. I fancy Bennett's chance very much. Play will commence every evening at 7.30, and as Mr. Bell, the popular M.C., has the arrangements, and informs me that no one will be allowed minus a ticket, the company will be more select than is often the case.

Edmonton C.C. Sports, I am informed, proved very successful last Saturday, but as the hon. sec. gave me no intimation that they were coming off, I did not know they were on, and of course was absent. F. Sargeant, Langly F.C., 7 yards, won the Open 120 Yards Handicap, but only by a foot, from G. A. Image, L.A.C., 9 yards, who is stated to have been but "six inches or less" in front of S. H. Baker, L.A.C., 6 yards; time, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$  sec. This was a highly gratifying result for the handicapper, Mr. T. Griffith, but nothing short of gross carelessness could have made him throw A. Laws, Brighton A.C., in the One Mile with 100 yards after the form he showed at Lewes last back end. A. H. Davies, Blackheath Harriers, 90 yards, was second, R. A. Lunnon, Great Marlow F.C., 60 yards, a bad third, and the time 4min 45 $\frac{1}{2}$  sec. The members' events were fairly well contested. W. H. Cate won Throwing the Cricket Ball; J. Holt the 100 Yards, from scratch; H. Grey, 100 yards, the Mile; W. Crauford, 10 yards, the Hurdle Race; and J. Holt scored the only double event by taking the Quarter, off the scratch mark.

St. Paul's School Sports, held at Stamford Bridge the same afternoon, were simply noticeable from the good form shown by Tippettts in the senior class, and C. S. Miller in the junior.

First-class entries were obtained for the Burton-on-Trent Football Club sports last Saturday, the Midland Counties making up for the lack of support accorded by the metropolitan athletes. W. H. Anson won the 120 Yards Handicap, open to the district. F. Martin, Robin Hood F.C., 18 yards, the Local Half-mile; J. N. Bailey, Northampton A.C., 12 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards, the Open 120 Yards Handicap; S. Ratcliffe, Ashly F.C., the High Jump; F. W. Fellowes, Burton F.C., the level 300 Yards; T.

Bates, Stoke, 215 yards, the Two Miles Bicycle Handicap; G. T. Dobell, owes 13½ yards, the 120 Yards Hurdle Handicap; H. Green, Lichfield F.C., 27 yards, the Quarter; and R. J. Sty, Burton Incog F.C., the Mile. Of the beaten lot T. H. Prentice, Leicester A. S., deserves a word of praise, as, owing 5½ yards, he was only beaten a foot in the Hurdles, and giving Bailey 6½ in the sprint handicap, was barely half a yard behind him. Why Green should have had 27 yards' start I am at a loss to discover, as last year at Lichfield he won the Members' Quarter in a canter by ten yards, in 57 2-5 sec, besides, with 50 yards, he rolled in for the Birmingham C.C. half-mile in 2 min 1 1-5 sec. However, Green was a name very much patronised by a certain clique last year, and the handicapper may have been a trifling fogged.

Cottonopolis is a rare place for athletics, and on Saturday the natives turned out to the tune of some two thousand persons to witness a series of competitions in the Deer Park of Manley Hall. Fifty-six entered for the open sprint handicap, G. W. Storey, 8½ yards, proving the winner; E. W. Dawson, Warrington, 25 yards, won the 600 Yards in 76½ sec; P. Walsh, Warrington, the Mile, with 110 yards, in 4min 31½ sec; W. G. Mars, Ancoats, the Quarter of a Mile Hurdles, with 35 yards (time, 76½ sec); A. Smith, Hulme, the Bicycle Race, from scratch, in 9min 5sec; and T. Howarth, Whitfield, 3min 15sec start, the Four Miles Steeplechase.

Next Saturday, May 24, two important athletic *rénovations* will take place in the metropolitan district, viz., the Civil Service at Little Bridge and the University College at Stamford Bridge.

By the time these lines are before the public Wallace Ross, the sculler, will have sailed for the other side of the Atlantic; but he intends to return after the American regattas have been decided, and expects to be in the metropolis in time for the autumn championship matches.

Few below-bridge clubs work harder than the Curlew R.C., who on Saturday evening decided the final heat of a four-oared race, from the West India Docks to a boat moored 200 yards below their club-house. W. J. Manby, F. Jeffree, H. Stapleton, C. H. Jeffree (stroke), beat F. Hooper, S. R. V. Robinson, A. Watkins, W. P. Turnbull (stroke), by four lengths.

Plenty of sport took place above bridge. The Franklin R.C. Fours, rowed from Hammersmith to Putney, resulted in a victory for J. McCarthy's crew; A. Bull and H. Pratten won the Occidental R.C. Junior Pairs, from Chiswick Church to Hammersmith Bridge; and C. Thompson's crew took the Atlas R.C. Fours, rowed over the West London course.

On the Lee, from Horseshoe Point to Willow Park, the final heat of the Nautilus R.C. Fours was decided on Saturday evening, when F. Parmenter's crew beat E. Tanner's cleverly by a couple of lengths.

From some unforeseen cause, the London Scottish v. Cambridge University Golf Match did not take place last Saturday, but the University Linskill Cup and Medal Competition took place, F. G. Pathson taking the former, and T. Hoare the medalion.

On Tuesday evening the members of that influential society, the Otter Swimming Club, who, it will be seen, have changed their meeting night from Friday, opened their season for 1879 with a novice race, distance 98 yards (or four lengths of the Marylebone Baths). C. A. Abbott proved the winner by half a dozen yards, J. Puzey being second, and F. N. Williams last. Mr. F. Sachs, the indefatigable honorary secretary, has forwarded me a long list of fixtures, which I will endeavour to reproduce another time; suffice it now to state that next Tuesday at eight p.m. a six-lengths' handicap will be decided.

Captain Webb, Fearne, Beckwith, and Co., are performing another feat of endurance at the Lambeth Baths, trying to see who can swim farthest from 9 a.m. till 11 p.m. daily for a week. At three o'clock on Thursday, the latest record that can be given here, the position of the men was—Captain Webb, 51 miles 20 lengths; Fearne, 43 miles 34 lengths. Webb was resting, and Fearne swimming on strongly.

May I once more beg to inform my readers that these notes have, from obvious reasons, always to be concluded by Wednesday evening.

EXON.

#### BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND SOCIETY AND SOUTHERN COUNTIES ASSOCIATION.

THE one hundred and second Annual Exhibition of this society will be held at Exeter, on the five days commencing Whit Monday, June 2, in the show yard, which occupies a picturesque site on the Topsham-road, is at a convenient distance from the "ever-faithful" city. The collection of machinery, implements, and live stock in the Exeter Show Ground will fully entitle the show of 1879 to be characterised as "great." And on comparing the entries with those at the meeting of the society last held in Exeter, 16 years ago, evidence is at once offered, both by the numbers and character of the exhibits, of the immense and rapid growth of the society's operations.

In the department of live stock there were in 1863 only 419 entries, including a large number of animals shown as extra stock, which are now systematically declined by the society, although frequently, as was the case this year, many extremely valuable animals have been offered by their owners for exhibition. In the present year the total number of entries is 661, of which 123 are horses. Each section of the stock department contains specimens from all the most successful breeders in England. In the poultry department there are 401 entries, of which 114 are pigeons. The exhibition of implements will be remarkable not only for its extent, but for its generally attractive character. Much interest will doubtless be excited in the trial of the sheep-binders, which will be shown in active operation in the trial fields, where also a large number of mowers, reapers, haymakers, and other labour-saving machines will be actually tested upon the crops provided for the purpose. There will be fifty-nine compart-

ments of machinery in motion, being the same number as at the great Bristol Show in 1874, and thirty-five more than at the last Exeter Meeting. The picture gallery will contain a collection of the works of a large number of western artists, in addition to numerous contributions from residents in London and more remote parts of the kingdom. The horticultural department will, as usual, form an attractive feature of the Exhibition, and will consist of a number of rich specimens from Devon and the adjacent counties. The open judging of stock will commence precisely at ten o'clock on Monday, June 2, the gates being opened to the public an hour previously. On Tuesday, at noon, the annual meeting of the Society will be held in the show-yard, under the presidency of the Earl of Morley, when the report of the council will be presented, and the president and thirty-three members of the council elected. The prizes offered by the Society for horse-shoeing at portable forges in the yard will be competed for on Wednesday by smiths representing each of the Western counties. The bands of the Royal Marines and Grenadier Guards have been engaged, and on the Wednesday afternoon they will play in combination.

In our advertisement columns will be found the particulars of a sale by auction of the coach now running between Manchester and Cheadle, but which will cease at the end of this month. We much regret that the proprietor is compelled to bring his enterprise to a close, in consequence of bad times resulting in a dearth of passengers by the coach. The various lots are in good condition, and should realise good prices.

On Tuesday evening the Langham-hall was filled by a fashionable audience on the occasion of Mr. Herbert Jay's concert. An unusually good programme was gone through, and the result must have been as gratifying to him as the entertainment evidently was to the audience. Mr. Herbert Jay has a fine baritone voice. His songs, "Honour and Arms" and the "Bell Ringer," were warmly encored. Mr. Jay was supported by the following artists:—Miss Warwick, Mdlle. Verone, Mdlle. Gardone, Miss Radcliffe, Signor Carrion, Signor Rocca, Mr. Branca, and Mr. Scarsbrook, the two latter dividing the duties of conductor. Between the parts Mr. C. D. Davies gave a recitation entitled "The Fireman's Wedding."

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—A concert given here last Monday by Mr. Trelawny Cobham was followed by a performance—strictly amateur, we believe, from a dramatic point of view—of Miss Harriet Young's operetta, *Queen of Hearts*, which quite confirmed the good impression made on its original production a little while ago. The music, if almost too unpretending, is very pretty and fluent, and the libretto, if not strong enough for the professional stage, is capitally adapted for musical amateurs; it is fresh, amusing, and not in any way difficult. Mr. Thorndike's admirable voice told extremely well in the pretty music allotted to Major Lambkin, Mr. Trelawny Cobham was a fair Mr. Castleton, and Miss José Sherrington sang charmingly as the heroine, the "Queen of Hearts" herself.

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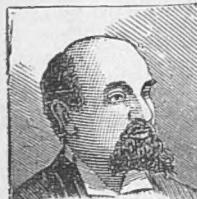
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A CURE IS GUARANTEED IN FROM THREE TO SIX MONTHS.

MONSIEUR LODOIS respectfully solicits all those who are bald, but desire to renew the natural covering of the head, to consult him any day between eleven and five

o'clock, at the Rooms of the French Hygienic Society, 40, Haymarket, S.W.

M. Lodois is so certain of success that he will enter into a contract on the principle of

#### NO CURE NO PAY.

Pamphlets and full particulars of this marvellous and genuine remedy forwarded post-free on application.

**EAU MALLERON, FOR THE CURE OF BALDNESS.**

The remarkable success which has attended the introduction into this country of this remedy is proved by the large and gradually increasing number of testimonials of an enthusiastic character which the discoverer receives by every post. It yet suffers, and must inevitably remain at a disadvantage for some time to come, from the fact that it must necessarily rank, in the estimation of those who have yet had no opportunity of testing its wonderful properties, with the thousand-and-one quack remedies for the removal of baldness already in existence. Monsieur Lodois, however, is confident that the time is not far distant when a sceptical community will be compelled to admit that he is the possessor of an invention which is a certain cure for baldness that does not arise from old age or decay of nature. His straightforward method of conducting his practice is meeting with the appreciation it deserves. With those patients who are in a position to hold periodical consultations of a personal nature M. Lodois makes his contracts on the "no cure no pay" principle. Such patients as are prepared to visit him at No. 40, Haymarket, at stated times, and to rigidly carry out the instructions of their capillary physician, may, in the vast majority of cases, safely reckon upon a perfect and permanent cure. In an interesting pamphlet on the subject of Baldness, published by Monsieur Lodois, he says, that the Malleron preparation "possesses the power of causing the gradual organic action of the hair to increase its vitality in a lasting manner, and thus causes hair to grow in places where for years it had disappeared—even on the baldest heads." It is unfortunately impossible, owing to the confidential nature of much of his practice, for M. Lodois to acquaint the world with a fifth of the remarkable cures he has wrought. The following consensus of testimony, however, selected from a great number of letters, the originals of which may be inspected on application, will tell its own "unvarnished tale":

The following letter has just been received from Signor Uri, the well-known operatic artist.

London, July 29th, 1878.

M. Lodois.—Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter, I beg to state that after using the Eau Malleron some time I have obtained quite a marvellous result. I am certain that through it I shall recover my hair exactly as it was before. I am indeed much obliged to you.

Yours very truly, Uri.

You may show my letter to any inquirer, and do what you think fit with it.

Liverpool, August 9th, 1878.

M. Lodois.—Sir,—Will you kindly send me another pint bottle of Eau Malleron? I enclose 25s. 6d. in P.O.O. I think my hair will come again; in some parts it has grown as long as a tooth-brush, but in places there is only just a thin dozen, and very bare. I have followed your instructions you kindly sent me—I remain, yours truly.

E. B.

Bibbleton, near Preston, May 27th, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your favour to hand, I have not used the Eau Malleron for a month. I have been away from home, and my whereabouts uncertain, so did not send for any. My hair is thicker, though I do not follow out the directions perhaps as rigidly as I ought.

—Yours sincerely.

J. C. S.

MONSIEUR Lodois.—Sir,—I beg to enclose a cheque for one bottle of Eau Malleron, as before, and should be obliged by your sending it early to the above address. Progress as yet, I fancy, is slow, and may after another bottle improve, that I may report to you with entire satisfaction.—I remain, yours, &c., W. S. W.

SIR,—Will you be good enough to forward me another bottle of Eau Malleron, to the above address? The last bottle has shown marked progress of growth. I beg to enclose cheque for £1 5s. 6d.—Yours truly,

M. Lodois, London.

W. S. W.

Dundee, August 13, 1878.

M. Lodois.—Dear Sir,—I enclose a P.O.O. for 25s. 6d. for pint bottle of Eau Malleron. I may state that the half-pint which I received from you some time ago has effectually removed the scurf, and the appearance of young hairs is very encouraging.—Yours truly, G. S.

Bath, April 9th, 1878.

J. Lodois.—Dear Sir,—I enclose a P.O.O. for 25s. 6d., and will thank you to send me a large bottle of Eau

Malleron. My hair has improved wonderfully since I have used this preparation.—Yours, &c., J. F. M.

Barnsley, Sept. 16, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—Please send me another bottle of Eau Malleron, for which I enclose cheque. I am glad to say I have applied the last bottle according to your instructions and find the hair is growing nicely. Please send package, directed as follows.—Yours truly, R. T.

Bury St. Edmunds, Sept. 23, 1878.

M. Lodois.—Sir,—I have been using the Eau Malleron for these last six weeks. After a few applications it arrested the falling off of the hair, and new hair is making its appearance on the top of my head. Will it be necessary to use the Pomade Trichophile? Please write a line in that respect.—Yours truly, W. F.

Bury St. Edmunds, Oct. 20, 1878.

M. Lodois.—Sir,—Received parcel all right on Friday 18th, arrived at the station the day previous. I have nearly finished the large bottle of Eau Malleron. My hair is much thicker where the Eau was most used, the crown of the head. I think I shall require a little more to complete the cure. Will send in the course of a week or two.—I am, Sir, yours, W. F.

(From a Hairdresser.)

Horneastle, Sept. 9, 1878.

M. Lodois.—Dear Sir,—I have just had a gentleman having his hair cut who is at the present time using your preparation, and I was so thoroughly convinced of the good the Eau Malleron has done his hair that I at once determined to get the agency, if you have not already appointed one in Lincolnshire. I have no doubt I shall be able to get rid of a good lot of the preparation when its virtue gets more widely known.—Yours obediently, A. F. C.

**M. R. J. LODOIS**

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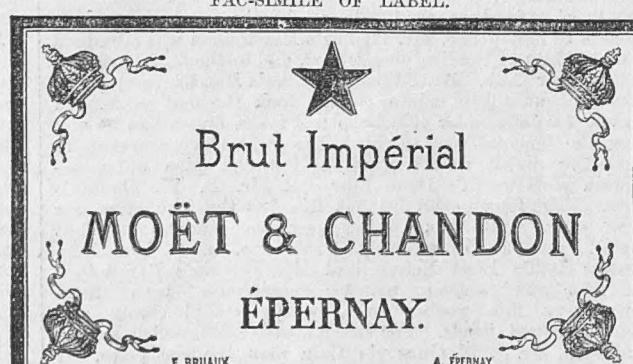
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